

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

MARGRAVE threw himself on a seat just under the great anaconda; I closed and locked the door. When I had done so, my eye fell on the young man's face, and I was surprised to see that it had lost its colour; that it showed great anxiety, great distress; that his hands were visibly trembling.

"What is this?" he said in feeble tones, and raising himself half from his seat as if with great effort. "Help me up—come away! Something in this room is hostile to me—hostile, overpowering! What can it be?"

"Truth and my presence," answered a stern, low voice; and Sir Philip Derval, whose slight form the huge bulk of the dead elephant had before obscured from my view, came suddenly out from the shadow into the full rays of the lamps which lit up, as if for Man's revel, that mocking tomb for the playmates of Nature which he enslaves for his service or slays for his sport. As Sir Philip spoke and advanced, Margrave sank back into his seat, shrinking, collapsing, nerveless; terror the most abject expressed in his staring eyes and parted lips. On the other hand, the simple dignity of Sir Philip Derval's bearing, and the mild power of his countenance, were alike inconceivably heightened. A change had come over the whole man, the more impressive because wholly undefinable.

Halting opposite Margrave, he uttered some words in a language unknown to me, and stretched one hand over the young man's head. Margrave at once became stiff and rigid as if turned to stone. Sir Philip said to me,

"Place one of those lamps on the floor—there, by his feet."

I took down one of the coloured lamps from the mimic tree round which the huge anaconda coiled its spires, and placed it as I was told.

"Take the seat opposite to him, and watch."

I obeyed.

Meanwhile, Sir Philip had drawn from his breast-pocket a small steel casket, and I observed, as he opened it, that the interior was subdivided into several compartments, each with its separate lid; from one of these he took and

sprinkled over the flame of the lamp a few grains of a powder, colourless and sparkling as diamond dust; in a second or so, a delicate perfume, wholly unfamiliar to my sense, rose from the lamp.

"You would test the condition of trance, test it, and in the spirit."

And, as he spoke, his hand rested lightly on my head. Hitherto, amidst a surprise not unmixed with awe, I had preserved a certain defiance, a certain distrust. I had been, as it were, on my guard.

But as those words were spoken, as that hand rested on my head, as that perfume arose from the lamp, all power of will deserted me. My first sensation was that of passive subjugation, but soon I was aware of a strange intoxicating effect from the odour of the lamp, round which there now played a dazzling vapour. The room swam before me. Like a man oppressed by a nightmare, I tried to move, to cry out; feeling that to do so would suffice to burst the thrall that bound me; in vain.

A time that seemed to me inexorably long, but which, as I found afterwards, could only have occupied a few seconds, elapsed in this preliminary state, which, however powerless, was not without a vague luxurious sense of delight. And then suddenly came pain—pain, that in rapid gradations passed into a rending agony. Every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body, seemed as if wrenched open, and as if some hitherto un conjectured Presence in the vital organisation were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail. The veins seemed swollen to bursting, the heart labouring to maintain its action by fierce spasms. I feel in this description how language fails me. Enough, that the anguish I then endured surpassed all that I have ever experienced of physical pain. This dreadful interval subsided as suddenly as it had commenced. I felt as if a something undefinable by any name had rushed from me, and in that rush that a struggle was over. I was sensible of the passive bliss which attends the release from torture, and then there grew on me a wonderful calm, and, in that calm, a consciousness of some lofty intelligence immeasurably beyond that which human memory gathers from earthly knowledge. I saw before me the still rigid form of Margrave, and my sight seemed, with ease, to penetrate through its cover-

ing of flesh and to survey the mechanism of the whole interior being.

"View that tenement of clay which now seems so fair, as it was when I last beheld it, three years ago, in the house of Haroun of Aleppo!"

I looked, and gradually, and as shade after shade falls on the mountain-side, while the clouds gather, and the sun vanishes at last, so the form and face on which I looked changed from exuberant youth into infirm old age. The discoloured wrinkled skin, the bleared dim eye, the flaccid muscles, the brittle sapless bones. Nor was the change that of age alone; the expression of the countenance had passed into gloomy discontent, and in every furrow a passion or a vice had sown the seeds of grief.

And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clue to every winding in the maze.

I saw therein a moral world, charred and ruined, as, in some fable I have read, the world of the moon is described to be; yet withal it was a brain of magnificent formation. The powers abused to evil had been originally of rare order; imagination, and scope: the energies that dare; the faculties that discover. But the moral part of the brain had failed to dominate the mental. Defective veneration of what is good or great; cynical disdain of what is right and just; in fine, a great intellect first misguided, then perverted, and now falling with the decay of the body into ghastly but imposing ruins. Such was the world of that brain as it had been three years ago. And still continuing to gaze thereon, I observed three separate emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, he second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct ray, exactly as, in the outer world, a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Nay, wherever I looked through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the red light was growing feebler and feebler, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark was unaltered, undisturbed. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralysed, that energetic mind smitten into idiocy, and the azure light wandering objectless as a meteor

wanders over the morass,—still that silver spark would shine the same, indestructible by aught that shattered its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within creatures to which no life immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

Involuntarily I turned my sight towards the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo, in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant, and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. But in none, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest, to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants,—in none was visible the starry silver spark. I turned my eyes from the creatures around, back again to the form cowering under the huge anaconda, and in terror at the animation which the carcases took in the awful illusions of that marvellous trance. For the tiger moved as if scenting blood, and to the eyes of the serpent the dread fascination seemed slowly returning.

Again I gazed on the starry spark in the form of the man. And I murmured to myself, "But if this be the soul, why is it so undisturbed and undarkened by the sins which have left such trace and such ravage in the world of the brain?" And gazing yet more intently on the spark, I became vaguely aware that it was not the soul, but the halo around the soul, as the star we see in heaven is not the star itself, but its circle of rays. And if the light itself was undisturbed and undarkened, it was because no sins done in the body could annihilate its essence, nor affect the eternity of its duration. The light was clear within the ruins of its lodgment, because it might pass away but could not be extinguished.

But the soul itself in the heart of the light reflected back on my own soul within me its ineffable trouble, humiliation, and sorrow; for those ghastly wrecks of power placed at its sovereign command it was responsible: and, appalled by its own sublime fate of duration, was about to carry into eternity the account of its mission in time. Yet it seemed that while the soul was still there, though so forlorn and so guilty, even the wrecks around it were majestic. And the soul, whatever sentence it might merit, was not among the hopelessly lost. For in its remorse and its shame, it might still have retained what could serve for redemption. And I saw that the mind was storming the soul in some terrible rebellious war—all of thought, of passion, of desire,

through which the azure light poured its restless flow, were surging up round the starry spark, as in siege. And I could not comprehend the war, nor guess what it was that the mind demanded the soul to yield. Only the distinction between the two was made intelligible by their antagonism. And I saw that the soul, sorely tempted, looked afar for escape from the subjects it had ever so ill controlled, and who sought to reduce to their vassal the power which had lost authority as their king. I could feel its terror in the sympathy of my own terror, the keenness of my own supplicating pity. I knew that it was exploring release from the perils it confessed its want of strength to encounter. And suddenly the starry spark rose from the ruins and the tumult around it,—rose into space and vanished. And where my soul had recognised the presence of soul, there was a void. But the red light burned still, becoming more and more vivid; and as it thus repaired and recruited its lustre, the whole animal form which had been so decrepit, grew restored from decay, grew into vigour and youth: And I saw Margrave as I had seen him in the waking world, the radiant image of animal life in the beauty of its fairest bloom.

And over this rich vitality and this symmetric mechanism now reigned only, with the animal life, the mind. The starry light fled and the soul vanished, still was left visible the mind: mind, by which sensations convey and cumulate ideas, and muscles obey volition; mind, as in those animals that have more than the elementary instincts; mind, as it might be in men, were men not immortal. As my eyes, in the Vision, followed the azure light, undulating, as before, through the cells of the brain, and crossing the red amidst the labyrinth of the nerves, I perceived that the essence of that azure light had undergone a change; it had lost that faculty of continuous and concentrated power by which man improves on the works of the past, and weaves schemes to be developed in the future of remote generations; it had lost all sympathy in the past, because it had lost all conception of a future beyond the grave; it had lost conscience, it had lost remorse. The being it informed was no longer accountable through eternity for the employment of time. The azure light was even more vivid in certain organs useful to the conservation of existence, as in those organs I had observed it more vivid among some of the inferior animals than it is in man—secretiveness, destructiveness, and the ready perception of things immediate to the wants of the day. And the azure light was brilliant in cerebral cells, where before it had been dark, such as those which harbour mirthfulness and hope, for there the light was recruited by the exuberant health of the joyous animal being. But it was lead-like, or dim, in the great social organs through which man suborns his own interest to that of his species, and utterly lost in those through which man is reminded of his duties to the throne of his Maker.

In that marvellous penetration with which the Vision endowed me, I perceived that in this mind, though in energy far superior to many, though retaining, from memories of the former existence, the relics of a culture wide and in some things profound; though sharpened and quickened into formidable, if desultory, force whenever it schemed or aimed at the animal self-conservation, which now made its master-impulse or instinct; and though among the reminiscences of its state before its change were arts which I could not comprehend, but which I felt were dark and terrible, lending to a will never checked by remorse, arms that no healthful philosophy has placed in the arsenal of disciplined genius; though the mind in itself had an ally in a body as perfect in strength and elasticity as man can take from the favour of nature—still, I say, I felt that that mind wanted *the something*, without which men never could found cities, frame laws, bind together, beautify, exalt the elements of this world, by creeds that habitually subject them to a reference to another. The ant, and the bee, and the beaver congregate and construct; but they do not improve. Man improves because the future impels onward that which is not found in the ant, the bee, and the beaver—that which was gone from the being before me.

I shrank appalled into myself, covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud: "Have I ever then doubted that soul is distinct from mind!"

A hand here again touched my forehead, the light in the lamp was extinguished, I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself back in the room in which I had first conversed with Sir Philip Derval, and seated, as before, on the sofa by his side.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

My recollections of all which I have just attempted to describe were distinct and vivid; except, with respect to time, it seemed to me as if many hours must have elapsed since I had entered the museum with Margrave; but the clock on the mantelpiece met my eyes as I turned them wistfully round the room; and I was indeed amazed to perceive that five minutes had sufficed for all which it has taken me so long to narrate, and which in their transit had hurried me through ideas and emotions so remote from anterior experience.

To my astonishment, now succeeded shame and indignation—shame that I, who had scoffed at the possibility of the comparatively credible influences of mesmeric action, should have been so helpless a puppet under the hand of the slight fellow-man beside me, and so morbidly impressed by phantasmagorical illusions; indignation that by some fumes which had special potency over the brain, I had thus been, as it were, conjured out of my senses: and, looking full into the calm face at my side, I said, with a smile to which I sought to convey disdain:

"I congratulate you, Sir Philip Derval, on having learned in your travels in the East so expert a familiarity with the tricks of its jugglers."

"The East has a proverb," answered Sir Philip, quietly, "that the juggler may learn much from the dervish, but the dervish can learn nothing from the juggler. You will pardon me, however, for the effect produced on you for a few minutes, whatever the cause of it may be, since it may serve to guard your whole life from calamities, to which it might otherwise have been exposed. And however you may consider that which you have just experienced to be a mere optical illusion, or the figment of a brain super-excited by the fumes of a vapour, look within yourself and tell me if you do not feel an inward and unanswerable conviction that there is more reason to shun and to fear the creature you left asleep under the dead jaws of the giant serpent, than there would be in the serpent itself could the venom return to its breath?"

I was silent, for I could not deny that that conviction had come to me.

"Henceforth, when you recover from the confusion or anger which now disturbs your impressions, you will be prepared to listen to my explanations and my recital, in a spirit far different from that with which you would have received them before you were subjected to the experiment, which, allow me to remind you, you invited and defied. You will now, I trust, be fitted to become my confidant and my assistant—you will advise with me, how, for the sake of humanity, we should act together against the incarnate lie, the anomalous prodigy which glides through the crowd in the image of joyous beauty. For the present, I quit you. I have an engagement on worldly affairs, in the town this night. I am staying at L—, which I shall leave for Derval Court to-morrow evening. Come to me there the day after to-morrow; at any hour that may suit you the best. Adieu."

Here, Sir Philip Derval rose, and left the room. I made no effort to detain him. My mind was too occupied in striving to recompose itself, and account for the phenomena that had scared it, and for the strength of the impressions it still retained.

I sought to find natural and accountable causes for effects so abnormal.

Lord Bacon suggests that the ointments with which witches anointed themselves might have had the effect of stopping the pores and congesting the brain, and thus impressing the sleep of the unhappy dupes of their own imagination with dreams so vivid that, on waking, they were firmly convinced that they had been borne through the air to the *Sabbat*.

I remembered also having heard a distinguished French traveller—whose veracity was unquestionable—say, that he had witnessed extraordinary effects produced on the sensorium by certain fumigations used by an African pretender to magic. A person, of however healthy a brain, subjected to the influence of these fumigations,

was induced to believe that he saw the most frightful apparitions.

However extraordinary such effects, they were not incredible—not at variance with our notions of the known laws of nature. And to the vapour, or the odours which a powder applied to a lamp had called forth, I was, therefore, prepared to ascribe properties similar to those which Bacon's conjecture ascribed to the witches' ointment, and the French traveller to the fumigations of the African conjuror.

But, as I came to that conclusion, I was seized with an intense curiosity to examine for myself those chemical agencies with which Sir Philip Derval appeared so familiar;—to test the contents in that mysterious casket of steel. I also felt a curiosity no less eager, but more, in spite of myself, intermingled with fear, to learn all that Sir Philip had to communicate of the past history of Margrave. I could but suppose that the young man must indeed be a terrible criminal, for a person of years so grave, and station so high, to intimate accusations so vaguely dark, and to use means so extraordinary in order to enlist my imagination rather than my reason against a youth in whom there appeared none of the signs which suspicion interprets into guilt.

While thus musing, I lifted my eyes and saw Margrave himself there, at the threshold of the ball-room—there, where Sir Philip had first pointed him out as the criminal he had come to L— to seek and disarm; and now, as then, Margrave was the radiant centre of a joyous group; not the young boy-god, Iacchus, amidst his nymphs could, in Grecian frieze or picture, have seemed more the type of the sportive, hilarious vitality of sensuous nature. He must have passed, unobserved by me, in my preoccupation of thought, from the museum and across the room in which I sat; and now there was as little trace in that animated countenance of the terror it had exhibited at Sir Philip's approach, as of the change it had undergone in my trance or my phantasy.

But he caught sight of me—left his young companions—came gaily to my side.

"Did you not ask me to go with you into that museum about half an hour ago, or did I dream that I went with you?"

"Yes; you went with me into that museum."

"Then pray what dull theme did you select, to set me asleep there?"

I looked hard at him, and made no reply. Somewhat to my relief, I now heard my host's voice:

"Why, Fenwick, what has become of Sir Philip Derval?"

"He has left; he had business." And, as I spoke, again I looked hard on Margrave.

His countenance now showed a change; not surprise, not dismay, but rather a play of the lip, a flash of the eye, that indicated complacency—even triumph.

"So! Sir Philip Derval. He is in L—; he has been here to-night. So! as I expected."



"Did you expect it?" said our host. "No one else did. Who could have told you?"

"The movements of men so distinguished need never take us by surprise. I knew he was in Paris the other day. Natural he should come here. I was prepared for his coming."

Margrave here turned away towards the window, which he threw open and looked out.

"There is a storm in the air," said he, as he continued to gaze into the night.

Was it possible that Margrave was so wholly unconscious of what had passed in the museum, as to include in oblivion even the remembrance of Sir Philip Derval's presence before he had been rendered insensible, or laid asleep? Was it now only for the first time that he learned of Sir Philip's arrival in L—, and visit to that house? Was there any intimation of menace in his words and his aspect?

I felt that the trouble of my thoughts communicated itself to my countenance and manner; and, longing for solitude and fresh air, I quitted the house. When I found myself in the street, I turned round and saw Margrave still standing at the open window, but he did not appear to notice me; his eyes seemed fixed abstractedly on space.

#### OUR OLD AND NEW COTTON-FIELDS.

It was my tenth day in New Orleans, and Yellow Fever had not yet stuck his livid claws into me. My apprehensions subsided, and I began to enjoy what there was to enjoy in the great slave city.

My appetite quickened, as the excellent dinners at the magnificent St. Charles's Hotel soon found to their cost. The great gilt-looking Red Fish was from the Mexican Gulf; the gumbo-soup was a pure Southern dish mixed with a glutinous plant, and very delicious; the green peppers were West Indian; the hominy was of Indian extraction; the crabs à la Créole were cooked in the Cuban way; the rice casseroles stuffed with oysters were of French origin; the orange tomatoes, observe, were raw; the egg-plant is peculiar to America; so is the succotash and the lima beans; for this is a paradise of vegetables. For the brandied peaches we are indebted to the clever descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Great emphasis was laid in the bewildering bill of fare on "Kentucky beef" and on "Irish potatoes" in contradistinction to the soapy "sweet potatoes." The dessert reminded me that I was near the West Indies, for the pineapples were fresh picked, and the oranges were green, or but slightly yellowed, as they should be. Those long sallow bananas, too, a week ago, were sunning themselves in the fiery air of Cuba; the pecan-nuts are American, and are much in request among a people who attach more value to dessert than we do, mixing many French customs with their own in these matters.

The dinner had been tediously long, with its

various courses constantly interrupted or retarded by the fresh arrival of guests and bands of hungry families. The black waiters ran over each other in a fussy, good-natured, but rather irrational way. I stripped my last banana and scooped out my last pecan-nut, drank some iced water, and, taking my hat from the pile of others on the table by the door, descended to the bar-room to smoke a quiet cigarette, and think how I should spend the afternoon.

To my astonishment, instead of the usual somnolent repose of the great marble hall at that hour, and the two or three loafers taking "General Jackson" in a critical way at the counter, the scene was all bustle and animation. A slave sale had just concluded. The following bill of it I found pasted up on one of the pillars, and as rather a curiosity, I append it:

#### SALE AT AUCTION

OF CHOICE

#### PLANTATION SLAVES.

BY C. E. GIRANDOLE & CO.

OFFICE, No. 37, OPELOUSAS STREET.

ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1860.

AT 12 O'CLOCK, AT

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Will be sold at Public Auction, the following Slaves, to wit:

HARRISON, black, aged 22 yrs, No. 1 field hand & teamster	
ALECK, do do 19 do do do axe-man.	
ANDY, do do 22 do do do rough carpenter, &c.	
EMELINE, do do 21 do wife of Andy, field hand.	
WARREN, do do 21 do No. 1 field hand.	
DAVE, mulatto, do do 21 do ostler and carriage driver.	
WILLIS, black, do do 22 do No. 1 field hand.	
FRANCIS, yellow, do do 20 do do do.	
HENRY, black, do do 24 do do do.	
JIM, do do 12 do orphan.	
LEWIS, do do 11 do do.	
SUSAN, do do 19 do cook, washer and ironer.	
MINERVA, do do 18 do do do.	
JERRY, do do 14 do superior house boy.	
SARAH, do do 14 do house servant and child's nurse.	
MARY, do do 16 do very likely do.	
DICK, do do 16 do field hand, likely & active.	
FRANK, do do 33 do carriage driver and house servant.	
JOSEPH, do do 18 do superior dining-room servant, etc.	
SAM, do do 30 do field hand.	
TOM, do do 22 do waiter and dining-room servant.	
MARY, do do 13 do creole house servant and child's nurse.	
CLARISSA, do do 42 do superior creole cook, washer and ironer.	
ESEX, do do 42 do general labourer.	
RIGHT, do do 28 do field hand & fiddler.	
VIRGINIA, do do 22 do superior cook, washer and ironer.	

All fully guaranteed against the Vices and Maladies prescribed by law.

TERMS.—4 and 6 months' credit for approved Factor's acceptances, bearing 8 per cent. interest, or cash if the purchaser prefer.

Acts of sale before the Notaries designated by the Auctioneers—at the expense of the purchaser.

N.B.—No slave will be delivered until the terms are complied with.

The "fiddler and field hand," a cheerful fellow in neat blue jacket and trousers, had just descended from the steps, and was having his teeth examined and chest tested by a friend of his purchaser. All the slaves were dressed neatly,

as they always are at sales, to attract the buyer. I gave a groan at the thought of buying and selling human hearts and brains; and to keep down any more philanthropic groans (rather dangerous demonstrations in the slave states), I went to the bar, and called for a "corpse reviver;" a medicinal and potent drink indeed for persons troubled with philanthropic scruples.

The bar-keeper—who, in America, generally asserts all the rights of a gentleman—leaning across the marble counter, with a bunch of mint in one hand and a tin cup full of the most silvery and glittering ice in the other, begged leave to introduce me to Mr. Quackenboss, a cotton-planter of Bâton Rouge. We both took off our felt hats and shook hands; for Americans hate all cold formalities, and are generally your friends or your enemies in a minute; despising your philosophical indifferentists.

After "glasses round," a necessary commencement of most American bar-room friendships, my new friend invited me to walk with him to Good Children-street, on the Pontchartrain-road.

We walked off together. My new friend was a pale-faced, brown-skinned person, with clear hazel eyes, and a black fringe beard. He wore a suit of black, and, over his black satin wrinkly waistcoat, hung an enormous watch-chain that resembled a gold bridle. With the exception of this error in dress, and this extraordinary infatuation for our modern melancholy and ugly evening dress, which gave him the look of an owl by daylight, Mr. Quackenboss was an amusing and a wide-minded planter. He had been all over South America, and had been for years in Liverpool. He had deeply examined all the bearings of the cotton question; he had studied the old and new cotton-fields of England; and all the bearings of the war upon our future supply; he could explain to me the intentions of the Southerners to trade direct with England, and the prospects our Manchester men had of obtaining cotton in sufficient quantities from India and Australia.

But now we are at his house let me describe it. It is not near the Hôtel de Ville and the French quarter of the city; it is not near the public gardens where the bananas cast forth their great arching green leaves; no, it is quite in the suburb, near the Second Bayou; a great shapeless road, ankle deep in white dust, lies before it, fringed by those loathsome open drains that are the curse of New Orleans, and the chief originators of the yellow fever. In this road negro children roll and scramble, and pigs rout and grunt. Before Mr. Quackenboss's house there is a row of huge mangolia-trees, at this time covered with tufts of pink and scarlet flowers, which contrast prettily with the small dark myrtle-green leaves. My hospitable friend pushes open a wicket-gate, and we pass up a garden-walk, and enter the cool verandah'd house. Mrs. Quackenboss and the little Quackenbosses are on a visit to Cuba, so we are alone. My friend claps his hands, and a negro boy appears, receives an order, and returns in a few

minutes with two bottles of German wine, a bowl of sparkling ice, a box of cigars, and some tumblers.

My friend gave a sigh of satisfaction, took up with an air of reflection a feather fan of Mrs. B.'s that lay on the table, spat three times at a special knot on the floor, and, throwing his feet over the back of a very high chair, began to open the conversation on the subject of the cotton supplies of England.

I asked Mr. Quackenboss if there were many English cotton agents at that time in New Orleans?

"A crowd—perfect crowd," said Mr. Quackenboss; "and I reckon, if old Abe is left out in the cold (this was before Abraham Lincoln's election), as we Southerners hope he will be, we Southern cotton men will have a good time of it with the English trade. Let us once pass a law to hang every darned Yankee (Northern men are all called Yankees in the South), and we New Orleaners, I tell you, mister, will have a good time of it, with the great staple production of that stupendous and chawing up river the Mississippi."

I asked my enthusiastic cotton-planting friend if he thought that the freedom of the South would surely bring free trade.

"Sure as Sam Walker's in Memphis, we shall get free trade, and send our own cotton to England in our own ships, without any darned Yankee setting finger on it, and cutting off half our profits. Still, I don't say, mister, that the Northerners ain't right in their way, for those taxes of theirs on trade prevent foreign competition with their own manufacturers; but we producers have other views on these things, and all we want is a good free market for our cotton to tempt more purchasers. Perhaps you are not aware that Mr. Rufus Stoot, one of the most remarkable men of the present day, and at present an actuary at No. 3, Opelousas-street, has given it as his opinion that Louisiana cotton can be sent from our levee in this very city to Manchester, and brought back made up in prints, cheaper than it now reaches us from the Northern mills. This idea has fired our chivalrous and en-lightened minds in the South—has fired our minds—yes, sir."

I bowed and sipped my hock. My Southern friend's theories were sanguine; but I made allowances for the enthusiasm of election time.

"I fear, Mr. Quackenboss," said I, "that your quarrel with the North is somewhat like the nose falling out with the mouth in the old fable. The South produces, the North manufactures. You are husband and wife: whatever form of government you have, your interests must ever be the same. They starve without your cotton; you pine without their hardware, their prints, their luxuries of all kinds. You must have customers, they must have raw produce."

"No, siree, we shan't; we can do very well without them. We can get all we want straight from England; we want none of those cold calculating Yankees' produce. We are the chivalry

of America, not mere pedlars, who worship nothing but the almighty dollar; no, sir, if we were to separate to-morrow, we shouldn't crowd the mourners—no, sir!"

By this strange expression, Mr. Quackenboss meant that the dissolution of political partnership would not occasion much lamentation in the South.

"The causes of the impending war," I said, "if I may venture to have an opinion, are neither slavery, nor trade jealousies, but the long animosity that has been for years growing between the commercial North and the agricultural South—the men of different temperaments, different races, different habits and modes of thinking."

"It is so; but if you old people cross the Atlantic think we shall be easier killing because we split into two republics, I reckon you will be catawampishly mistaken, for every State from New Hampshire to Texas is a full-grown rattlesnake, already with head, tail, and rattle of his own, so look out for alligators. There are some of us yet who will keep the ball rolling, sure as there are chickens on the prairies and snags in the Mississippi. Oh, as for the cold Northerners, we'll whip them! Yes, sir, we'll whip them! But there's one great mistake your Manchester people are making."

"And what is that, Mr. Quackenboss?"

"Why, I hear your Cotton Supply Association is making a regular muss (fuss) about getting cotton from India, Australia, Africa, and Davy Jones himself only knows where. Now, the poor benighted cotton spiders don't know that they can't get cotton anywhere like they can in our Southern States. No, siree, they can't. Haven't we good roads, good ships, good harbours, the tallest cotton in creation, and quick means to bring it from the plantation to the ship; haven't we, too, cheap labour and plenty of rivers; and, above all, haven't we that everlasting and tremendous body of water—the Mississippi—expressly made to float our cotton down to New Orleans?"

"I can give you some information on the subject of the outcry for new cotton-fields in England," said I. "The argument of the association is, that if you Americans go to war, our vast national manufacturing interest will be endangered, in consequence of having placed its dependence on one source of supply for all its raw material."

"Must do it, sir; must do it! Where are you to go to?—to Africa, where the fevers chaw men up as an alligator would do a nigger baby? where the land is still desert and bush, where the tribes are cannibals and savages, and where they never do anything but murder people with clubs, and drink palm oil?—or to Australia, where the price of labour is dearer than in the Old Country, where cotton grows poor and stunted, and where there are hundreds of miles without water? You can't turn a barren country into a cotton country in six months. No, siree, you can't."

"But there's India, our own country, already producing six million bales annually."

"And pretty rubbish too; brought on bullocks over mountain roads. Poor stuff to start with, pretty full of dust, dirt, and filth by the time it reaches the Manchester mill. The ryot, with no money of his own; the money-lender passing the produce he takes through half a dozen hands, and each hand adulterating it to increase his profit."

"But Greece," I said. "Fine country."

"Yes, with no roads five miles from Athens, and the people all-fired jealous of foreign improvers, being too proud to be taught anything. You must come back to the natural soil of the cotton, where you have good transport and cheap labour. Why, India has no canal or railways yet, and if you don't go on faster, it promises to be another half century before you have them there; besides, it ain't short Kentucky cotton that'll do for your Manchester men. They want fine quality."

"Mr. Quackenboss," I said, solemnly, "here's what it is. The whole world produces every year an average of nearly four millions of bales; and of this Europe and America alone use up all except four thousand bales. Now, your last harvest was nearly a million bales short, and the coming war threatens a blockade."

"Abe darn't do it! it would be running against Providence; and bullets are hard things to run your head agin."

"Well," I said, "that question I will not discuss; but this is certain, that by the fall of next year our Manchester mills will be taking to short time. Strong cotton cloths, shirting and coarse yarns will increase in price, and be for the time run off the field by linens and woollens. This again might employ some of the discharged operatives, but not all. Then may come bread riots, insurrectionary meetings, conspiracies, attacks on mills, want of food, and other miseries, affecting us all, from the Queen on her throne to the humblest prisoner in Newgate. This evil we wish to avert by securing a supply of cotton from other places. Port Natal cotton is good, and so is that from the west coast of Africa. Smyrna cotton was once famous, and so was that from Egypt. Greece, well governed, could grow thousands of bales; so could the West Indies, if once more prosperous. I have heard, too, that Andalusia will produce cotton of no despicable quality. In the last twelve months the association has directly or indirectly opened fifty-eight new ports."

"Bah! bah! bah!" said Mr. Quackenboss, fretfully. "You can't make people grow a crop at a loss. The expense of production is everywhere to be deducted from the cultivator's profits. A lot of your gosling-headed white-throats—by which I mean philanthropists—a good trade, too, for it requires no plant but a suit of black and a little brass) are all agog about this Indian and man-in-the-moon cotton, because they think it will do away with our patriarchal institution of slavery. As well drop salt on a rattlesnake's tail. It arn't in the na-

ture of things. Cotton can't be forced; it will always grow best in our rich loamy lowlands and alluvial flats; no one can't change it. Our commerce is organised; we are punctual, sir. The cotton is of first quality—always alike—and we have a great river running through the centre of our best cotton-fields. Why, every other country compared to it is what sand is to sugar; you can't gainsay it, for Providence does things straightforward, and no squinting round corners."

"The Times, the other day, said that in India carriage is either impracticable, or so tedious and costly as to absorb an enormous proportion of the whole value of the crop. I give up India," I continued, "except as one of the many sources of supply which I wish to see opened to prevent these panics and these accidental scarcities."

"Why, how can you compare Niagara to a sausage-machine? How can India compete with our three million five hundred thousand slaves and our forty million pounds' worth of cotton annually? About four millions of your people, one way or the other, depend on the cotton trade. You export every year some forty-eight million two hundred thousand pounds' worth of cotton goods and yarns; of this we Americans take four million six hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds' worth, against seven million one hundred and forty thousand bales of our cotton that you take. Now, do you think it's in natur if you drop taking our cotton that we shall take so much of your prints and yarns? No; even a mosquito has got some sense in him, and don't like any one touching the pupil of his eye; and if we drop off a million one way or the other, it is much the same in the tattle, I think."

"A long war will certainly lead to our opening other sources of supply. There is no danger of getting cotton. What we shall not get is your fine long staple. But inferior sorts will come fast enough, and keep our mills partially going for inferior yarns and cloths. Let peace soon come, and we probably shall quietly come back again to the old fields and full work."

"You will come back to the nine great Cotton States," said Quackenboss, triumphantly; "to the three hundred and fifty million rich acres, watered by eternal rivers, and," looking up laughing, "to Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, and the magnificent Louisiana, where the sile is rich, the men brave, and the women beautiful; where the sugar is excellent, and the steamers are rather risky; where the whisky is pisen, but the cotton heavenly."

Laughing at this thorough American fit of rhetoric, I here seized my Panama hat, and rose to wish my eloquent friend, Mr. Quackenboss, good night.

"Lookee hyar," he said; "New Orleans is a great city—barring occasional yellow fever, and the rowdies, who are rather dangerous at night with their knives, especially with strangers. Here, Brutus, light a lantern and go home with this gentleman to the St. Charles's

Hotel; and look here, you rascal! don't you stop, coming home, at any liquor-shop. Good night, mister!"

#### A VOICE FROM A PEW.

It is a good sign of the times just now, that we do not hear quite so much about the "thin end of the wedge," as we used to do a few years ago. Time was when, at every suggestion of change or improvement in our social state, you were met at once with that terrible thin end of the wedge, and were incontinently knocked on the head by it. Did one propose some reform in a matter connected with government, "Sir," was the answer, "you are for opening the way to the thin end of the revolutionary wedge; let it once get an opening, and the hammer of anarchy will soon drive it home." Some election atrocity would be dwelt on, perhaps, and a remedy suggested; the thin end of the wedge of Chartism was at once brought into the discussion. So with regard to social reforms, new lights in science, improvements in the working of the law—let any of these be so much as hinted at, and the thin edges of every sort of inconceivable wedge were set up bristling in the face of the daring reformer almost before his dangerous sentiments were out of his mouth. But perhaps, of all subjects that could be named, the most certain to bring this terrible wedge into play was the subject of Church reform. Let any one suggest the slightest alteration or improvement—not in any theological dogma, but even in a matter of Church discipline, or the external working of the Church system—and the wedge of Infidelity, with an edge as fine as that of a razor, rose up in front of him, and the proposal, however much needed, however just and wise and reverent, must perforce be abandoned. Touch but so much as the lace on a beadle's hat, and the wedge is in upon you, crushing all before it, as though it were impelled by a parochial steam-hammer.

The temper of the times now, however, is more reasonable and tolerant than it was a few years ago. We have got the length of admitting that it is possible for a clergyman to have a bad delivery, that a congregation is not to be expected to take anything it can get in the way of elocution and be thankful, while there have even been found some, and these happily among the ranks of the clergy themselves, who have been ready to give voice to that longing for a new arrangement of our Church services, which is felt by hundreds of persons who have suffered long and silently under the present system. Has the time come when they shall suffer so no longer? It is devoutly to be hoped that it has.

Surely there are many who read this page, to whom that word "suffer" will not appear too strong. It is true that individuals of what is called the mercurial temperament, or, perhaps, by physiologists the nervous-sanguine, are not the largest class in this country. It is true that in our community there is an immense pre-



ponderance of the phlegmatic over the vivacious. There is an immense mass of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen who can convey their bodies into certain buildings, deposit them there in quiescence for a certain number of hours—one or two more or less being of no importance—and then remove the said bodies to their homes feeling no particular sense of relief when the signal for departure is given. This is a large class; but is it *so* large a class as to be alone worthy of consideration? Is there not another large and important class who chafe under the restraints which the flat of their more phlegmatic brethren has laid upon them: persons of quick and irritable temperament, who live more in five minutes than others do in as many hours?

We all remember as children what we have gone through in church. We all remember how, at that period of our lives, we have made our own divisions of the Church services, and, separating the long two hours' ritual into different clauses, have checked each off as it was accomplished, but have remembered with despair that even when the collect (which we viewed with bitterness from having learnt it in the morning) was read, there was the Litany—shame that so beautiful a service should be so thought of even by a child!—and after that the Communion, and then after all the sermon, and when that might end who could tell? We all remember how we have wished the sermon came first, because then, that once over, we should know *exactly* where we were with the rest. We have all—do not deny it, worthy sir, because you have—all, while the sermon was delivering, watched the thickness of the pile of pages that had been read, and compared it with the bulk of those yet to come. We have all rejoiced as the lump first mentioned got thicker, and that last named got thinner. We have all experienced heart-sickness when we found that the clergyman, having got to the end, turned his book round and began again on the backs of the pages. We have all experienced torture when, in a sermon on heads, we have found ourselves after twenty minutes only arrived at the end of the first head, remembering that there were two more, and beyond those, in a vista of fidgets, an application and the conclusion. We all remember the threat of "something to be explained presently," and how we used to reflect when the sermon *seemed* near its end, that it couldn't be, because that threat had not yet been fulfilled. And lastly, we all remember our longing for those blessed words, "And now," and also what our sensations were, when a fallacious "and now" happened to come in in the course of the sermon, making us jump off our seats in anticipation of the end; and proving only the commencement of a new view of the subject in hand.

And why have we spoken of these sensations as belonging only to our childish recollections? Surely this is not altogether fair? If we were put on the rack and compelled to own the truth, should we not at the first twinge, at the first turn of the screw, cry out, "I own it! Many of

these very feelings, these hopes and fears, pass through my mind every Sunday of my life." Yes, we should speak thus, if we spoke the truth.

Now, the question is simply this: Why should this improper and distressing state of things go on? Why should we suffer under what it is in our own hands to remedy, and to remedy without a shadow of offence to the weakest brother, still less to the real interests of vital religion among us? What we urge—urge most reverently but most strongly—is no change in any single iota of doctrine, nor even in the words of which our ritual consists. We simply wish that what was originally divided, what was intended to be divided, and what is better divided, should *be* divided; and that three services, each one complete in itself, should not continue jumbled into an incomplete whole, because they were so combined when our social system was in every respect different from what it is at the present time.

The remedy in this case is so simple too, so easy. Why not let it be tried at any rate? Let the Morning Prayer be read, exactly as it stands, in the morning, at half-past ten or eleven, as might be most convenient. Let there be a Communion Service at noon. In the afternoon, at the usual time of afternoon service, the Litany and a sermon, and Evening Prayer—said once instead of twice a day—in the evening.

Against this simple arrangement what is to be said? It has been argued that in the country, where many of the villagers live at a considerable distance from the parish church, this division of the services would be inconvenient and unpopular; but even supposing this—which is granting a great deal—is there any reason why the inhabitants of the town are to be subjected, perforce, to the same system which suits the inhabitants of the country? It is to townspeople doubtless, pre-eminently, that the change for which we plead would be a benefit. They work with their heads, and in confined and unwholesome air, and consequently it is to them that the mental strain of confining their attention while these three services are gone through—a mental strain, it must be remembered, of a very extreme kind—is peculiarly trying, and a great diminution of the benefit of their day of rest. Let the change, then, be gradual. Let it be tried in London first; nay, we will go even a step farther: There may be those among us whom old habits and prejudices may affect so strongly that the alteration might at first, at any rate, be displeasing to them; why not begin by trying the experiment of the divided services in one church or chapel of ease in each division of London, and so make the change slow and gradual instead of abrupt and despotic? There are many desirable points that may be carried by a moderate and judicious policy, when a less temperate course would set every one against them.

Were this plan, obvious and easily effected as it is, once fairly tried, we believe that it would surely advance and gain ground of itself, and that enormous good would follow. An immense

number of persons, and those, be it remembered, chiefly *men* who do not now go to church because the present arrangement is too long for them, and too full of perpetual repetition, would probably attend divine service, and so would the weak, the infirm, the diseased. It would be possible to take children to church and expect them to behave well during a service which would not be long enough to weary or discourage them. While with regard to the sermon, those persons who wished to hear it—a willing, not an unwilling, audience—would attend the service to which it belonged, and those who were not disposed to hear it could stay away without being excluded altogether from a share in public worship. The additional reason which has been lately urged for this change, namely, the relief which it would afford to the officiating clergyman, and the improvement which such a relief might be expected to induce in his voice and delivery, seemed the only link wanting to make the chain of argument in favour of a division of the present Church services, complete and unanswerable.

Who knows what good might accrue to the new generation from the adoption of a system which should leave them free to look upon a church as something else than a place of suffering and restraint? Who knows but that the desire to hear, might be awakened by the withdrawal of a forced and unwelcome instruction? Who knows what you who read these words, and I who write them, may have lost, by being driven in our time to such expedients for getting through the service as have been hinted at in this paper, or how long it takes for such impressions and associations to be dispelled from our minds?

#### NEW ZEALAND.

BUT a few years ago in the world's life, if many in the history of a nation, a party of civilised gentlemen landed one day on the shores of a savage isle. The civilised gentlemen were learned, skilled, and radiant—they stood on the very pinnacle of human progress—knew all that was to be known of human life—had fathomed the lowest depths and soared to the upmost heights of science—they were kings where all other men were slaves, and gods in a world of barbarians unreclaimed. The inhabitants of the savage isle were painted, rude, untaught, with lax laws and doubtful morals, unskilled in arts, unlearned in letters, poorly fed, scantily clothed, not housed but only sheltered, a mere stalwart race of ignorant barbarians with fine forms, good muscular development, and future capacity; but as far removed from those radiant steel-clad gentlemen, as is a naked Otaheitan savage from a fashionable colonel in the Guards. Yet those radiant gentlemen have gone; they are swept from the face of the world, and lie buried fathoms deep in the past of long ago, never to be brought to life again, or to take part in the history of humanity; but the barbarians are the masters of the world, and that savage isle the centre whence

emanate the laws and the destinies of nations. Will the same drama be played again with a different impersonation of the characters? or is the balance of modern civilisation hung with such weighty chains that it can never be pulled down again by barbarism? Will, for instance, the Englishman and the Maori repeat the old story of the Roman and the Anglian?—the one carrying the light of civilisation with a high hand through the darkness of barbarism, finally to lose himself at that mysterious point of glory beyond which no nation has yet passed—the other taking up the torch and flinging the rays farther abroad, perhaps even back to the old land, now lying in gloom, where that torch was first lighted? Or will the stronger element destroy the weaker? Will the Christian man annihilate, not reclaim, the heathen savage? And will the result of British rule in New Zealand be the destruction of the native race, and no absorption or amalgamation at all? These are interesting questions. They are, at this moment, being asked in stern and earnest fashion by the men who are engaged in what is called the Waitara War—the latest outgrowth of the struggle going on between the British settler and the Maori holder.

There seem to be three parties in New Zealand; the missionary party, the settlers' party, and the Maori party; and all three have different views, and are not able to agree upon any one point whatever—as is the characteristic of parties in all time. There is the most likeness certainly between the missionary party and the Maori; the one wishing to do, for the sake of its own special manner of action and to uphold certain favourite theories, what the others demand from patriotism and the pride of race and the natural impulse of a brave man's self-esteem. The missionaries would keep the natives apart and exclusive from the settlers—would have them converted by grace alone and not by works—influenced by spiritual teaching only, and not by the material lessons of social civilisation; they would pluck them as brands from the heathen burning, and parade them before their subscribers at home as evidence of missionary zeal, and proofs of the crying need of heathendom for fresh exertions; while the Maoris would keep themselves apart from a certain patriotic pride, and in the hope that some day they may rule their own land in their own way, adopting such laws of their stronger brethren as seem good to them, and gathering into themselves the foreign element that has visited their shores. The settlers, on their part, desire the land for themselves and their heirs, and see in the Tasmania of the future only a new home and a wider field for the wandering Anglo-Saxon colonist, little recking if the means be the utter ruin and decay of the ancient people, without even the saving grace of that flattering word, "absorption." This is what the American is doing with the Indian; and, indeed, "to improve the race off the face of the earth" seems the only thing ever thought of for all aborigines by the colonising nations of the nineteenth century.

Is it to be so in New Zealand? So far as we have gone hitherto, the answer is positive. Yet it is sad to watch even a savage people gradually dying out before the inexorable advance of a stronger and impatient civilisation; a civilisation so proud, so strong, so impatient, that it will neither stoop nor tarry to lift up or convert, but impetuously destroys all with which it cannot on the instant unite. In olden times, when life was not so rapid and the distinctions of race were not so cruelly marked, such a people as the New Zealanders would have been gradually incorporated into the family of the invaders; they would have learnt the better law, have been brought up to the higher standard; they might, indeed, have become absorbed, and their distinctness lost, yet it would not have been by destruction but by amalgamation, as was the case in Britain, Gaul, Italy, and wherever the elder civilisations obtained a footing. And has it not been by this amalgamation—this fusing together of different races—that we, here in England, have come to our strength? And is it quite impossible, and against all analogy, that the union of our present high state of cultivation with the unworn freshness, the youth, and immunity from the diseases of civilisation, of the Maori family, should produce as fine a result for the future inhabitants of Tasmania? Perhaps our New Zealand settlers might do worse than endeavour to found a nation of Anglo-Saxons and Maoris united.

At present, however, there is no hope of any such form of brotherhood; and, instead of births and marriages, all the talk is of guns, and flags, and war, and how the colonists can best obtain by armed force the land which the Maoris insist on keeping to themselves—or rather, of which the chiefs assert their right to dispose or not, according to their pleasure and their best advantage. For this is the real occasion of the war, and not the giving up of murderers on either side, nor whether a strip of hunting has borne one hieroglyphic or the other. There are two movements in this war, but both meaning the same thing; the King movement and the Land movement. In the first, William Thompson, the native Warwick as he has been called, is one of the most prominent actors. He has been described as a capable, large-minded, patriotic, yet loyal and well-meaning man, who ought to have been respectfully treated by the colonial government, and employed as mediator and peace-maker between the colonists and his own people. Thompson, or Tamihana according to Maori language, is a peace man, and a Christian. This Tamihana was the first to originate the King movement. He saw that the colonial government did not affect much paternal care over the Maori tribes, and that all the moral and political advantages of the Queen's rule were kept as the exclusive portion of the eldest born, and did not help the younger sons in the least.

"What we have actually done for the natives amounts to almost nothing," says one English writer. "There is nothing in the shape of law

or government throughout the greater part of the North Island. The Queen's writ will not run, nor would any magistrate attempt to issue a writ in the greatest part of the native districts. There is no power to stop, nor any attempt to stop, native wars or native murders. And the only law is the law of the old native justice of revenge, modified by the local and personal influence of the missionaries." So, said William Thompson, the New Zealand Warwick, "we want law and order, and a king of our own choosing, who shall rule us according to the best part of English law, and be under the supremacy of the English Queen." This King movement seeming to promise nothing very formidable, and being in the hands of a man thoroughly well affected to the government, a Christian, a firm friend of the missionaries, and the active promoter of schools, was suffered to take root and grow into a substantial fact, neither colonists nor governor attempting protest or check. But now, when the Land League has assumed more definite proportions, and the Waikato chiefs deny Teira's individual right to sell his bit of land at Waitara without their collective consent, the government has become angry, attempting to seize by force what the natives are determined to defend by force, and making a bloody war out of what should have been settled by quiet negotiation. But as it is against the rules and resolutions of this native Land League that any one chief shall sell his land without the formal consent of all the rest, the Maoris are right according to themselves, and have never, until now, been adjudged wrong according to the government. As British law has never been actually introduced among the people, it seems only sound reason and justice that the Maori law should be respected, until, at least, it is formally set aside and another state of things begun. There is a rough natural logic in this position, which the natives, savage and untaught as they are, can fully comprehend; while at the same time they cannot understand how it is that we refuse to see the justice which is so self-evident to them, and how we can deny the truths which speak with a hundred tongues trumpet-voiced to their ears. But the colonists are outraged and alarmed. They ask what will be their future if the Maoris are suffered to organise themselves into a nation, and allowed to learn the strength that lies in union and the influence that lies in property? So the war is shifted from its true basis, and, while it means that the colonial government denies the Maori all right to law or internal development, assumes to be a loyal defence of the Queen's supremacy which no one has attacked, and a chivalrous defence of the Taranaki settlers, whom no one, at the outset, wished to injure. In fact, the question at issue may be narrowed into this: Is English occupancy in New Zealand, military conquest or peaceful colonisation? Are the Maoris to be forced into doing our will, however much against their own, or are they to be held as owning rights, and capable of political duties? Are they to be denied all tribal influence and

national life, or are their laws to be respected by us, and is our rulership over them to be limited to equal government and not extended to coercion? In a word, are they conquered slaves to be repressed, or native free men to be treated with? These questions, founded as they are on the inalienable laws of truth and justice, and the natural rights of humanity, do not seem very difficult of answer to men at a distance unexcited by passion; but to the settlers, stirred by fear and blinded by anger—fired, too, by the Englishman's tremendous pride of name and antipathy to other races—they naturally wear a very different aspect, and are by no means so easy to be set to rights. Fortunately for that brave family of our savage brethren, not all the colonists take the exclusively English side; a kindly handful join with the Maori, and demand for them the justice and national recognition which in olden times one Caractacus demanded for us, and one Boadicea died to maintain. Thus we may reasonably hope that matters will get amicably adjusted, and that our old friend Tamihana will be no longer compelled to assume a hostile attitude towards Queen or Governor, but will be brought back into the bonds of peace and good fellowship, and left to his proselytising and his schools, unmolested and unchecked. Sir George Grey, who is going out to smoothe down difficulties, knows all about the Maori. He can speak their language, has learnt their songs, their usages, and their legends; and both we ourselves, safe from the scene of danger, as well as those immediately on the spot, may rejoice if he proves that he can play the part of the modern, but a more merciful Agricola, and restore peace where peace ought never to have been disturbed.

Everything points to a great future for New Zealand. The country which has bred the most capable race of aborigines known to modern times, will be sure to act no step-mother's part by the children of her adoption, from what source soever they may be drawn. A climate healthy and temperate—a soil fertile and producing all the growths of the old European countries, save the half tropical growths of Sicily and Southern Italy—scenery bold, luxuriant, beautiful—nothing is wanting to the material influences by which strong souls are fed and nourished. So "English," too, in its general outside features, with such thoroughly English capabilities and characteristics, not cold enough to stint, nor hot enough to enervate, it seems to be specially marked out as the Great Britain of the Southern hemisphere, the supplemental Albion destined to carry the thread of English history clear round the globe. But the thread will start with an awkward knot that will take a vast deal of unnecessary unravelling, if the just right of the aborigines be disallowed, and if such a race as the Maori be not civilised and made one with the invading settlers.

New Zealand has great capabilities. The inversion of the seasons in Antipodean countries is strange to us. What can we say to a Christmas in Midsummer, with roses for mistle-

toe, and strawberries for the red beads of the shining holly? And think of lovely June, and more gorgeous and matronly July, being the eldest born of hoary-headed winter, with naked boughs and starved fields, and all the teeming wealth of nature chained up in frost and snow, instead of the dark blue skies, and the wreaths of trailing roses, and all the lavish luxury of fruit and flowers, which belong, as by natural right, to these bonny seasons of our summer! "We are now in the depth of winter, and must be content with occasional rains alternately with bright days, succeeded by sharp frosts at night," says the Southern Provinces Almanac, under the heading of July, adding also a recommendation to "risk a small sowing of cress, mustard, radish, and spinach, the first sowing of sweet peas for early blooming, and even now you may risk the first sowing of mignonette." The beginning of August marks the first awakening of spring, and the whole month is like the English February; while February itself is hot and dry, and March begins to show the golden sheaves of autumn shining through the dark green leaves of summer. This masquerade of the months would be the most foreign bit of all New Zealand life to us, and even a native chief stalking by the drawing-room window in his hidalgo-looking blanket, or gliding past the little creek at the foot of the garden, steering his strangely-carved canoe with his still more strangely-carved paddle, would not seem much more unusual than Christmas in Midsummer, and the dog-days in a fall of snow. Among her other attractions, New Zealand, too, has spaces of Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold can be picked up by the diligent possessed of sharp eyes and firm muscles; very likely, future explorers will find precious stones among the rocks and where old volcanoes have fused and melted earths and common clays into their priceless crystals. Some countries seem destined from the beginning for great works and stirring histories, and New Zealand is one of those countries consecrated by nature to the ministry of the world's future.

#### LIFE'S BALANCES.

THE Autumn day is dying. So am I.  
Draw nearer, dear, and let me rest my head,  
My weary weary head, where it may lie  
Upon your breast; perchance I may be dead  
Ere it rests thus again. So, let me speak  
My full heart out. It is so full to-night,  
That though I am so worn, so faint and weak,  
That words come slowly, and the evening light  
Of life is wavering, still I cannot rest  
Till I have spoken.

Philip dear, you know  
The story of my life: it was confessed  
When first you spoke of love. How long ago,  
How distant seems the day! But, oh! how sweet!  
Though Heaven is shining near, I scarce can feel  
As if its joys divine were more complete  
Than those that blessed moment did reveal!

Yet then came fear and trembling; for I knew  
That I had that to tell which might perchance  
Change into instant darkness all the blue



Of my sky's happiness. I dared not glance  
 Into the eyes so fondly seeking mine,  
 Nor answer to the pressure of your hand.  
 —Might not a word compel me to resign  
 The world of bliss I had at my command?  
 But yet I felt that one word must be spoken;  
 I could not, dared not cheat you; I must tell  
 How once this heart had deemed itself nigh broken,  
 How once these lips had breathed a last farewell  
 Of agony on lips now cold and dead.  
 How would you bear it?—for my heart misgave me  
 Despite of all you looked, and did, and said,  
 That half your love was pity, that to save me,  
 —For, oh! I knew you must, you must have seen  
 How all of me was yours!—you taught your heart  
 To fancy it was mine, that I might lean  
 In fond reliance on it,—that small part  
 Of your best love was giv'n. How would it be  
 Then, when you knew another once had claimed  
 Such place in my affections, and o'er me  
 Had owned a lover's rights? Oh, had I aimed  
 To win this priceless treasure—had it been  
 An instant mine—then snatch'd away again?  
 Must I resign the heaven I just had seen?  
 Had it been offered then and won in vain?

No matter. I would tell you all the truth,  
 And I *did* tell it. How in years gone by,  
 Ere childhood well had merged into youth,  
 I had been loved with all the fervency  
 Of a most noble nature and true soul,  
 And how I loved again, and how one year,  
 One space 'twixt spring and spring, had seen the  
 whole

Of my young life's romance; and still the tear  
 Of sorrow for the past, of memory  
 And pity for the still remembered dead,  
 Trembled adown my droop'd cheek mournfully,  
 Mingling with those the very present dread  
 Of losing you called forth.

My tale was told,  
 And then came silence, and my heart stood still,  
 And then, O Heaven! within your dear arms' fold  
 I stood enclas'd, and there you held me till  
 My heart seem'd grown to yours.

That's years ago.  
 How many? Four? You have been very kind  
 And very gentle with me, but I know—  
 —O Philip! would I could have been more blind!—  
 I know by past experience what is love,  
 And what it is to sit upon the throne  
 Of a man's heart, there lifted up above  
 All things on earth, and singly and alone  
 There to hold regal sway!—Having known this,  
 How was it possible not to perceive  
 The difference? to deem your quiet kiss  
 And calm regard proved real love? believe  
 I was your all in all?

No matter now!  
 All's over; I am going to my rest;  
 There, lay your warm hand on my icy brow,—  
 —'Twas you I loved a thousand times the best!

#### BEHIND THE POPE'S SCENES.

THE ultramontane ravings of the Comte de Montalembert have brought about one good result; they have induced a learned and modest ecclesiastic, Monsignor LIVERANI, to give to the world his personal experience of the working of the papal oligarchy. He himself, born of humble parentage, disclaims the honour attributed to him of being either the godson or the ward of

Pius the Ninth, although public opinion in Italy gives him a much closer relationship to the reigning Pontiff.

In spite of which claim, notwithstanding a studious, pure, and simple life—perhaps in consequence of that simplicity and purity—he has failed to enjoy the favours of the papal court. It is his own fault; he should have done as others did, and not have attempted to be better than his neighbours. On one occasion, when Liverani had the honour of an audience, Monsignor Pacca, the chamberlain, could not help telling him, "The Holy Father, when I announced you, replied, 'I am informed that he is mad!'" It is a common practice for the members of the court of Rome to speak of each other as tainted with insanity. Farini quotes a letter of Cardinal Gizzi, in which he (the cardinal, minister, and secretary of state) flings the epithet of madman even at the head of the Vicar of Christ, his master and his benefactor.

Liverani, on the contrary, is much too sane, much too clear-sighted, to please the Pope. If he remonstrates against any flagrant abuse, he is politely and confidentially reminded that zeal is the offspring of charity; and that charity is kind, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil; that he has clearly been misled; and so on. Under this rebuke from home, he could still keep silence; but when a Bourbonist Frenchman ventured to print that all the charges against the temporal power of the Papacy are imaginary, and that its only real fault, in the eyes of impious men, is its existence, he could hold his peace no longer, and he has proved that Cardinal Antonelli's government is the masterpiece of modern swindling. Of Liverani's religious and political views we take no account, neither of his solution of the Roman question, because such things are matters of opinion; they may be differed from, discussed, perhaps refuted: whereas facts are facts, and so remain. To deprive the witness of his preferment and drive him into exile is but a feeble refutation of his allegations.

"It is beyond all doubt," said Napoleon the First to Cardinal Pacca, the chamberlain's uncle, "that for some time past the court of Rome is reduced to a small number of families; that the affairs of the Church are treated and investigated there by a small number of prelates and theologians born in the humblest villages in the environs of Rome, and who have no means of comprehending the great interests of the Universal Church, or of pronouncing upon them an equitable judgment." If the Emperor's assertion were not true then, Liverani declares that it is so now; that Rome at present is the prey of a few intriguers; that Napoleon's criticism is verified by the ascendancy of a coterie completely recruited in the Campagna and the Abruzzi, which has transformed the government of the Church into a mercantile and stock exchange company, and which, holding the Pope in leading-strings, is preparing for the Roman principality a sure and not far distant catastrophe. The Eternal City, which the Legitimists represent

as belonging to Catholic Europe, belongs now to whom? Neither to Europe nor even to Italy. It lies at the mercy of half a dozen adventurers from the Campagna of Rome, who have become what they are, by the means indicated in Scribe's comedy of *La Camaraderie*.

Of the august personage around whom the coterie weave their toils, Liverani sketches a sad and striking portrait. Pure and innocent habits, a love for religious ceremonies, great facility and charm in speaking and improvisation, unction and grace in prayer, a melodious chant, a great air of majesty while officiating at the altar, a constant zeal for the glory of God which never shrinks from the boldest enterprises, are a slight specimen of Pius the Ninth's good qualities. Moreover, no favouritism towards members of his family; not a shadow of greediness, or avarice; caring nothing for wealth except to pass it on to the hands of the poor, or to employ it in adorning the sanctuary.

Patient in giving audience, an indefatigable listener; but at the same time anxiously inquisitive after the most trifling tales, the most childish gossip; judging men and things by their accessories and circumstances, rather than by themselves; very acceptable both to sinister impressions and to ill-natured prejudice; hasty in his resolutions, obstinate in his decisions, but also inexorable in his aversions and his withdrawals of favour; subject to be smitten with sudden sympathies and violent likings; incapable of dissimulating his tastes, his repugnances, his inmost sentiments, and thus handing over the key of his heart to profligate courtiers and knaves, who read his soul on his countenance. There they stand in front of him, with anxious look, half-open mouth, outstretched neck, straining every muscle, at hand to approve as soon as the Pontiff's visage gives the signal; ready to flatter his every desire, even if those desires were sure to cause his ruin.

Pius the Ninth's judgments of the merits of men are somewhat summary; he founds his opinion on their external gifts—a grave mien, a bald head, a harmonious voice—rather than on their qualities of heart and mind. He is chary of his favour, unless one knows how to seize it with skill; suspicious and constantly distrustful with honest people, he is constantly unarmed and unprepared, in his intercourse with the skilful and cunning. He is virtuous, but it is a virtue of parade, pompous, like his clear and sonorous voice. He is charitable and fond of doing good; but he requires the newspapers to repeat the echo to the world, and likes indifferent or forgetful persons to be reminded of his beneficent acts by so many inscriptions, medals, and legends. He changes his views and plans according to the temperature, the direction of the wind, the state of the weather, the agitation of his nerves and arteries, the pathological condition of a sickly body; in short, his intellect shares all the impressions of his feeble constitution.

Kindly and tender-hearted, he yet is unable to abstain from insulting speeches, sudden bursts

of anger, and other acts, which are neither more nor less than human weaknesses. For instance, when he tore from his seat the virtuous Monsignor Gigli; or when he forbade Monsignor Campodonico to enter his presence during a visit he paid to the University; or when he ordered a pauper to be arrested for the sole crime of asking him for alms. Such actions as these he is sorry for, immediately afterwards, when his passions are not made to rankle by the insinuations of others. The examples cited were, in reality, the result of the intrigues and cabals of Cardinals Altieri and Patrizzi.

These defects might be developed into virtues and noble actions, with faithful and able ministers. But, for the last fifteen years, Pius the Ninth has been the dupe of adventurers of all kinds, from all countries, of every party and every faction, incessantly occupied in robbing each other of his favour, in order to profane and outrage it themselves.

And who are these "intriguers and knaves?"—to make use of Liverani's plain expressions. First, there is the Cavaliere Filippini, a combination of contractor and papal house-steward, taking a deep interest in railways. As steward, he seizes the opportunity, during meal-times, of advancing individuals, intended for promotion, in the esteem and good will of the Pope (exactly as he would serve a pheasant or a hare); as contractor, he does not forget to receive considerable money-payments. He spreads his nets around every vacant bishopric; he bird-limes with promises, threats, and cajoleries, the aspirants to the vacancy; he monopolises privileges and favours, to the detriment of other agents who are no better than himself, but who, in order to have their revenge, blacken him as the worst of the whole lot. He builds hotels, whose approaches the innocent Cardinal Milesi causes to be paved, with a view to the legation of Bologna. He distributes money by handfuls, but in such a way that no account can be taken of it; for he tempers his passion for feathering his nest, by a skilfully assumed appearance of moderation.

Another of his Holiness's intimates is the Signor Baladelli; an ambiguous personage, an amphibious engineer, a courtier clerk, who has no determinate individuality, but whose office is, by his foolish prating, to prepare the Pontiff's mind for master-strokes and decisive thrusts, to be given by bolder and stronger assailants.

And now comes the good Stella, a man whose virtues might be taken for vices, and whose vices have a look of virtue. He has the air of a person possessed by demons, and talks the stilted nonsense of an astrologer. He is an insupportable narrator of the miracles of Saint Philomene, the prophecies of hermits, and the visions of nuns; which did not prevent his introducing, with the utmost politeness, Montanelli to the Holy Father. His conversation is more terrible to the traveller than a hurricane in the desert. It is a series of sudden sighs, violent enough to turn a windmill, of abrupt interruptions and cautious pauses, of questions

which do not expect to be answered, of rejoinders which are a reply to nothing, of skippings from one train of thought to another without gaining anything in respect to good sense, of grimaces with the mouth and eyes obliquely fixed on the ground, of astounding allusions to the Scriptures, or of reminiscences of eclipses, comets, constellations, and lunar phases, in which the hearer can trace no connexion either with the speaker or the speech which he is making, or with any which he would or could make. He then all at once puts his finger to his lips, and sets off running from one room to another, as if he were making his escape from some spectral persecutor. He halts in the middle of a large saloon, listening attentively; then, walking on the tips of his toes, he disappears by one door, coming in again directly by another. The spectator fancies all this to be the manoeuvres of a cunning courtier, or the tricks of an ill-mannered buffoon; whereas they are simply the feverish fancies of a weak mind, which is not qualified as being out of its wits only, because madness supposes intervals of reason. However that may be, Stella, although one of the most fantastic and extravagant beings at the papal court, is, nevertheless, the most honest and the most inoffensive person in it. There are, besides, Monsignor Cenni, train-bearer, verifying the proverb, *In caudâ venenum* (There is poison in the tail); Monsignor Talbot, whose sole occupation is to denounce all the pictorial angels he can catch committing the offence of nudity; and others. All these men put together, do not weigh an ounce; but they exercise a constant and decisive influence on the Pontiff's mind, although he feels no respect for any of them.

As to the more prominent actors on the papal stage, everybody knows Cardinal Antonelli from the life-like portrait given by a well-informed writer, although with apparent levity. Liverani confirms most of the features of M. About's sketch, with facts to prove the truth of the likeness. During the summer of 1860, Prince Torlonia went one day to kiss the feet of his Holiness. The court of Rome, just then, was in a state of extreme financial embarrassment. Pius the Ninth asked him, in the most delicate way possible, whether he could not assist the urgent wants of the treasury, as his father had done, and he himself also under other circumstances. The prince replied that most assuredly he was just as well disposed as ever towards the Holy See, or as his father had been before him, but that his aid was quite uncalled for, so long as the Pope had at his elbow a cardinal minister worth so many millions of francs; and he related how Cardinal Antonelli had just invested several millions through a London banker, offering, whenever his Holiness chose, to show him the receipts and other papers connected with the transaction. The history of this colossal fortune is striking: his Eminence started from a very low stage of the social ladder—under-clerk to a magistrate. Monsignors Pentini and Marulli were simulta-

neously judges at the tribunal of Montecitorio. The latter had, as his secretary, the advocate Theodulf Mertel (without a client or a brief), and as pupils, James Antonelli and Joseph Berardi. The famous lawsuit between the Dukes Torlonia and Cesarini was then being tried. The great wealth of the parties might be a source of gain; their influence and authority, of favour and advancement. Pentini escaped all suspicion of corruption; but the voice of the public charged Marulli with having been suborned: an accusation which was supported by facts. Marulli paraded his shame so openly that he was discovered at last, degraded from his office, and dismissed for ever without title or pension. His successor was one Monsignor Manari, and under him the three above-named individuals continued their career, and prepared for future conquest. Not long afterwards, one of the three was made a prelate and deputy secretary of state; he soon drew after him his two companions; and Mertel and Berardi became prelates also. A few eventful years occurred; Antonelli rose to be Pius the Ninth's secretary of state; Mertel soon was a cardinal; and Berardi is awaiting the highest honours.

Antonelli could not have dispensed with such associates as Mertel and Berardi. He required them for satellites, supporters, screens; for agents and go-betweens; and also for confidential successors who would not dare to betray him in case of his one day falling from power. In dealing with so constantly distrustful a sovereign, it would have been bad and even dangerous policy to allow solicitations in favour of his own friends to proceed directly from himself. By making use of Count Rossi as the tool, the elevation of the prelate Mertel was made to appear as a voluntary and spontaneous act on the part of the Pope instead of a reinforcement given to Cardinal Antonelli's party.

According to Liverani, the ruin of Rome has been the Bank of Rome. Its establishment dates from the Antonellis' taking charge of the government affairs. It is the origin and the symbol of their fortune. To force the hesitating Pope to grant it, no less was required than the crisis of 1849 and the exile to Portici and Gaeta. The atmosphere of Naples inspired the rescript which allotted to the bank a capital of several hundred thousand crowns, and the order to draw up its statutes. A couple of men of law were charged with the revival of its clauses, to give the business a more serious appearance. Man of law the first, was Monsignor Mertel; the second was the advocate Villani: a conscientious person, but so docile and so respectful to authority that he was always distrustful of his own proper judgment, preferring to act on the opinion of the prelate, his colleague, and of the secretary of state. It was easy, besides, to sound him beforehand. And thus it was that the Bank of Rome was authorised to issue paper to an indeterminate amount and without restriction of any kind. The Roman money-market was inundated; rents rose to a

fabulous rate. Philip Antonelli was governor of the bank; Louis Antonelli held another government office; both were flanked by a troop of monopolists selected by their brother the cardinal secretary, and followed by an army of millers, bakers, butchers, oil-merchants, druggists, and farmers, all leagued together to lay hands on every branch of commerce, and to close it against all fair competition.

The opinion of the Roman people may be learned from the fact that, for the last ten years, the police have been obliged to employ constables to protect the life of Count Philip Antonelli, the governor of the bank, against the fury of the population, who have been reduced, by the avarice of his family, to the extremity of misery and despair. Of the two gentlemen who put their signatures to the edict approving the Bank of Rome, beside the Pope's, one, Clement Giovanardi, who drew up the document, was afterwards condemned at Bologna for fraud and forgery, and was consequently put under lock and key in the prisons of Imola. The other, Monsignor Galli, minister of finance, had a different fate. He was allowed to retire, after a long course of dishonesty, with a certificate of good service and a liberal pension; they bought his silence at the expense of the state.

Not to mention greater integrity, great outward decency is not to be expected from officials selected out of an ecclesiastical body who allow themselves such exhibitions as the following. Santa Maria Maggiore is one of the three patriarchal basilicas, and possesses some eighty clerical members in the shape of priests, incumbents, and canons, the latter of whom are almost all prelates. If any one wishes to form an idea of the moral condition of these clergymen, let him remain in the basilica during the performance of divine service. At the sound of the bell, he will see eight or ten persons clad in diverse ways, the majority wearing the brown hood, the others hoods of ermine, proceed from a room whose vestiges of ancient splendour denote it to be the sacristy, for he would never suspect the fact from the conduct of people who advance gesticulating warmly and conversing in a loud tone of voice. Are they discussing some abstract question of transcendental theology? Nothing of the kind. The Book of Dreams, the drawing of the lottery, and their neighbours' unsuccessful love affairs, are topics which interest them much more.

If it is the hour for the evening Psalms, there will always be found amongst these individuals some one who has just left the Temple of Bacchus, and whose fiery face will bear marks of the favours of the merry god. On reaching the choir, which is the place for the chanting of the sacred canticles, they will not the more for that assume a more decent and reserved behaviour; neither the presence of God, in which their profession requires them to believe, nor any respect for the presence of men, will put a stop to their conversation or compel them to the observance of decent conduct. Psalmody is a sublime institution destined to the adoration of

the Deity and the edification of our fellow-creatures; but when the sanctity of the spot and the ministry—when all religious vocation and the real intention of the ceremony—are forgotten, it sinks to the level of material routine and mechanical labour.

During the services at Santa Maria Maggiore, sacrilegious talk and insults to the cross are daily perpetrated. The ecclesiastics present wander incessantly from place to place, they whisper to each other, they send messengers from stall to stall, they laugh, they chatter; they give and take pleasantries and jokes; they hum tunes, they chat between every verse; they step from the sacristy to the choir, in order to gossip more at ease; they hurry the chanting, so that the whole morning's work, including the mass, may not exceed an hour and three-quarters, and that of the evening a single quarter of an hour, although there are in all more than fifty psalms, without reckoning canticles, hymns, responses, and prayers. Liverani's list of scandals is much longer and graver than we think fit to give it. While making the sad recapitulation, he cannot help exclaiming, "And these are the priests who scruple to chant a *Te Deum* for the kingdom of Italy!" Of course, at Rome, the secrecy of private correspondence is shamelessly violated.

After an exact calculation of the sum produced by the vaunted offering of St. Peter's obolus, it turns out that the average contribution of the faithful to their common spiritual father, in his distress, is threepence sterling. Nevertheless, the clerical journals announced that money poured in by millions, and warriors by thousands and thousands—legions of Legitimists, commanded by Legitimist generals, and organised by a Legitimist minister of war, whose mind squints as frightfully as his eyes do. The Irish heroes especially, indulging in savage orgies, till they broke into mutiny and filled the taverns and the streets with the cries of wild beasts, were a painful contrast to the French soldiery, who are as brave as they are obedient to discipline. And then there are the pontifical Zouaves, who shed small honour on their costume and their name! A great nation like France may be permitted to indulge in Zouaves, Turcos, or any other military eccentricity, because after all she has the strength to back it; but at Rome, such things are little better than a childish masquerade and a feeble imitation. No one is surprised to see a robust and vigorous individual amusing himself with pugilism or wrestling; but it would be a ridiculous spectacle to behold the same sport attempted by a consumptive patient who has been given up by the doctors, and who is just at the point of breathing his last.

Of the various painful states of mind in which it is possible for a man to find himself, one of the most uncomfortable is the case of not knowing what to think. Poor Monsignor Liverani is puzzled by a strange contradiction. The Roman clergy is exceedingly rich in lands, in capital, in revenues; it is the owner of the greater portion of the *Ager Latinus*; it has splendid temples, magnificent ceremonies, a



sumptuous court; it has a numerous train of partisans, clients, and devotees, mixed up with every class of society; it holds in trust innumerable charitable institutions, endowments, subsidies, hospitals, orphan asylums, and other means of benevolence, the list of which fills three big volumes; it possesses the all-powerful ministry of the Word, of religious societies, of the pulpit and the confessional, every mode of directing the will, the passions, and the conscience of the people: and yet, with all these elements of authority and power, with such irresistible baits and bribes, you will hear, if you listen closely, from one end of Rome to the other, the whispered watchword, "Down with the priesthood!"

The reason of so strong an aversion may be, that Human Nature has its *Non possumus* as well as the Pope; there are inconsistencies, hypocrisies, and iniquities which, through long suffering, it cannot put up with. A time comes when it says with the not very thin-skinned statesman, "*This is too bad!*" With a few more facts like the judicial murder of the innocent Locatelli, even Roman patience will at last tire out.

Some people may wonder that a cardinal, an ecclesiastic, does not meet with some check within the Church itself. But Liverani informs us that Antonelli's confessor is a Jesuit; he professes a great respect for the order, which he styles a society of virtuous and learned men; but he is obliged to admit that, at every great criminal's elbow you will always find a virtuous Jesuit. Beside the name of La Pompadour you find that of a virtuous Jesuit. Of late years, Father Mignardi, a Jesuit, is Cardinal Antonelli's spiritual director, although the Roman people, starved by the monopoly of the brothers and friends of the secretary of state, entertain serious doubts whether he have any soul at all to direct. And the Jesuits cannot profess ignorance; for their charities and the exercise of their ministry take them every day among the people, and they know what sufferings are inflicted by a tyranny now nearly three lustres old.

The Jesuits entertain their own views respecting history and politics. One of their great historians states: "The holy king (Louis the Ninth) in person, assisted by sixty bishops, inaugurated the Holy Inquisition by the execution, in the Place de Grève, of ninety-five heretics, who were burnt alive. This good work was so agreeable to God, that he vouchsafed to France a superabundant harvest." The facts themselves are perfectly true; their connexion, as cause and effect, are perfectly jesuitical. In respect to policy, the brigand system possesses an efficacy peculiarly its own. "You Neapolitans, foolish folk, who banish your rightful king and accept an usurper, see what you get by the change! Your throats shall be cut, your houses burned, your women outraged, when you are least prepared to offer resistance, until you take back again your beloved Bourbon and his suite of saintly counsellors. Barbarism and cruelty is it? May be; the end justifies the means."

The spoilers of unarmed peasantry receive

their mission of brigandage from Rome; but who really governs Rome is a question about which the learned differ. The Holy Father reigns, some say, but the reverend Jesuits govern. When the court of Rome replies to the powers who counsel reform, "*Non possumus!* No compromise!" it is not poor Pius the Ninth who speaks; still less is it Cardinal Antonelli, who, in that case at least, is only a docile instrument; it is the General of the Jesuits proclaiming through the Pope's mouth the infallibility of Ignatius Loyola.

All which may be mere scandal, like Liverani's appreciation of the Sacred College. As to learning, he says, they have one famous celebrity, Cardinal Wiseman, who covers all the rest with his mantle; there are also men of remarkable scientific merit, such as Gousset, Morichini, and Baluffi, but they are either foreigners or are kept as far away from Rome as possible. Even practical qualities excite suspicious jealousy. Cardinal Brunelli was sequestered at Osimo, and Cardinal Marini incurred the same danger; because, to experience, honesty, and delicacy (very rare in the climate of Rome), he unites a piety which is worthy of better times. The rest of the heap is composed of mediocrity, shabbiness, incompetence, crass ignorance, want of merit, galvanised piety and intelligence; ephemeral reputations, fabricated and trumped up as a means of rising; elastic consciences, whether for good or for evil; borrowed information, with talents just sufficient to satisfy nuns, in whose company they waste great part of their time; and ambition filtered into the very bone.

## LONDON WATER.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

FEW of us who have fed in youth upon stories of adventure and discovery have been without an early ambition to distinguish ourselves as travellers. Not knowing that Bruce was looked upon as a dangerous romancer, and forgetting that Mungo Park perished in the desert, we have most of us laid down the well-thumbed records of their wanderings with a youthful yearning which nothing but a good tramp could satisfy. In this half-gipsy, sea-going, harness-breaking frame of mind, we have regarded every muddy fishpond as an undiscovered mysterious lake, and every slow-creeping rivulet as an untraced Nile. Then, as each summer's Saturday came round—the blessed Saturdays on which the school-doors had no power to hem us in, and even the stern schoolmaster looked and spoke like some other man—we have sallied forth with a bundle of cold meat and bread; a top-string, leaded at the end, to use as a plummet; a faithful, blinking, idiotic-looking dog, whose red tongue lolled out, to the horror of passing old gentlemen; and a sixpenny compass bought at a toyshop, which shook about like a mountain of calves-foot jelly. Turning our backs upon the spreading claws of bricks and mortar, we have sought for wonders, and have met them more than half way. We have magni-

fied the roadside rat-hole, into a grotto of Antiparos; we have seen in the sunburnt haymaker a friendly but untutored savage; and having devoured our bread and meat before we got a mile upon our journey, we have cheerfully cast ourselves on the world with a belief in the bounty of nature. Glancing occasionally at our tremulous compass, out of respect to our book-knowledge, we have yet guided our steps by the rules of eye, of fancy, and of touch. We have struggled through prickly hedges, staggered over ploughed fields, trespassed upon private property in defiance of surly bulls, printed notices, and all the terrors of horse-whips and law, and by the time that the sun was high in the heavens we have begun to feel the pangs of thirst. From that point of our wanderings everything became coloured by the hope of finding water. If we turned to the right or left, it was with the desire to discover a brook; if we went to the top of a hillock and took a sweeping view of the country, it was with a desire to sight some barn or village where we could beg a cup of drink. In these straits our dog was an intelligent and useful companion, and when our mouth began to feel as if it were full of paste, and we had tried the plan of sucking a pebble, to find it a mockery and a snare, this faithful animal led us down into a valley, where a clear stream, running over a gravelly bed and half filled with islands of green water-cresses, was waiting for our refreshment. Without stopping for a benediction, we were instantly down on our face, with our mouth sucking in the water, our hands scooping it up, and even our cap employed as a water-pouch. We were not checked by any fear of chilling our young blood, or by any theory that enough is as good as a feast. We drank our three times three, in that reclining position, and were loth to leave the fountain that had comforted us in our need. By proposing to trace the friendly stream to its final outlet in some river, we appeared to repay the favour we had received, while we turned our wandering tastes into something like a useful direction.

In our gipsy-like journeys of this kind—and they were doubtless many and frequent—we often reversed this process, and starting on the banks of a river, a streamlet, or even a canal, we found a delight in following it upwards to its source. Then the top-string plummet came into repeated, but not very clearly defined, usage; and the dog was sent into the water so often after pieces of wood, that he came out at last like a sleek seal, and almost shook himself to pieces. If he stood for a moment on any spot, he made it look like a puddly street on a wet day, and we avoided him as an overcharged living sponge, ready to give off a shower at any instant.

In one of these boyish water-course journeys, undertaken in direct imitation of Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, I remember dabbling, wading, and raking with some companions in a small shallow streamlet, like a ditch, some few miles out of London, when we were addressed

by a pleasant middle-aged gentleman in clerical costume.

"Young gentlemen," he said, with an air of melancholy, "I think you would treat that rivulet with a little more respect, if some one told you its history."

"We were only hunting a rat, sir," we replied, somewhat abashed, and thinking that, perhaps, he might be the owner of the property.

"You are now standing," he continued, speaking at us rather than to us, "in the famous Tyburn Brook, which once flowed from Hampstead, by many channels, into the Thames, and which was one of the earliest principal fountains that supplied your City ancestors with water."

"Indeed, sir," we said, respectfully but incredulously, "was it older than the New River?"

We asked this question, because we knew something about the New River, and had heard much about its extreme age.

"It supplied conduits," he returned, "centuries before the New River was thought of, and deserves better treatment than it now gets as the 'King's Scholars' Pond' main sewer."

"Did it give the water for nothing?" asked one of my companions, who had a natural aptitude for figures.

"It supplied it for nothing," he replied, "as all streams and wells do, up to a certain point. Nature is bountiful, but uncertain; art is exacting, but reliable. Some people left money to establish conduit-pipes, and maintain them as a charity; others erected these structures, and paid themselves by a recognised toll."

This unexpected lesson in the fields carried us back, in imagination, to our hateful school, and sounded very much like the Rev. Mr. Blair's instructions in English composition. It was accepted in all politeness, and forgotten immediately by my arithmetical companion, but it made a lasting impression upon me. I dreamed of strange figures pouring out water day and night into the tankards of water-carriers; some, like venerable giants with inverted pitchers under their arms; others, like accommodating lions worked as pumps, with their tails for handles, and their mouths for spouts. I was not easy until I had searched the history of our London water supply in my school over-time; and I found the study—like all studies which we select for ourselves—far more agreeable than otherwise.

#### CHAPTER II.

"**ANCIENTLY**, until the Conqueror's time," says old Stow, the best of all London historians, "and for two hundred years after, the Citie of London was watered (beside the famous river of the Thames on the south part) with the river of Wels, as it was then called, on the west; with water called Walbrooke, running through the midst of the Citie into the river Thames—serving the heart thereof; and with a fourth water or Boorne, which ran within the Citie through Langbourne Ward, watering that part in the

cast. In the west was also another great water, called Oldborne.\*

Langbourne Ward has taken its name from a long bourne of sweet water, which formerly broke out in the fens about Fenchurch-street, ran down that street along Lombard-street to the west end of St. Mary Woolnoth's Church, where, turning south, and breaking into small shares, rills, or streams, it left the name of Share-borne-lane implanted in the City.

"There were three principal fountains or wells," continues Stow, "in the other suburbs: to wit, Holywell, Clement's Well, and Clerke's Well. Neare unto this last fontaine were divers others wells: to wit, Skinner's Well, Fag's Well, Tode Well, Loder's Well, and Radwell." The Clerk's Well, as we stated in our Sewer papers, has been dry for many years—an unsightly ruin of bricks and mud; and now even the iron tablet which marked its site has been taken away by the authorities of Clerkenwell. It stood in Ray-street, near the Sessions' House, and near where the Underground Railway is now passing. If the waters of this well had been in existence, there is every prospect that this new undertaking would have drawn them off, as a clause in the act of parliament provides that the railway company shall compensate all parishes for the destruction of any wells which they may pass through.

In West Smithfield, in the old days, there was a pool called Horsepool, and another near to the parish church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, besides many smaller springs and wells throughout the City.

When the streams and wells became partially dried up or exhausted in course of time, and the number of citizens, as our historian phrases it, "mightily increased," they were forced to seek for waters at some little distance.

"The first cisterne of lead," continues Stow, "castellated with stone in the city of London, was called the great conduit, in Westcheap, which was begun to be builded in the year 1235." The water was brought from Paddington, and according to Mr. Matthews, in his *Hydraulia*, it is the first known attempt to supply London with water by means of leaden pipes. Though the execution of the Westcheap conduit scheme was commenced in 1235, the following year another transaction took place, which displays the great attention bestowed upon the supply of water at that period. It was recorded that some merchants of Amiens, Nele, and Corby, being solicitous to obtain the privilege of landing and housing wood, &c., actually purchased it from the lord mayor and citizens for the consideration of a yearly payment of fifty marks, and the donation of one hundred pounds towards the expense of the operations then going on for conveying water from "Tyborne" to the City. This important undertaking originated in a grant from Gilbert de Sandford to the corporation, enabling them, with the assistance of the

citizens, to lay down a leaden pipe from six fountains or wells at Tybourne. It is doubtful how far the pipe extended towards the City. Stow says, "In 1432 Tybourne water was laid into the Standard, Cheapside, at the expense of Sir John Wells, mayor; and likewise in 1438, by another lord mayor, Sir William Eastfield, from Tybourne to Fleet-street and Aldermanbury."

The Tybourne brook, which had a large share in furnishing these town water supplies, is now, as my teacher in the fields told me, the King's Scholars' Pond sewer, which we have lately been surveying.

This sewer, according to Mr. Cunningham, takes its name from a pond which once stood on the borders of the river a little below Chelsea. Before it became a main sewer, it was a brook or bourne, called Tybourne, also Ay-brook, and Eye-brook, and famous for giving a title to the village of Tyburn. The brook had its source at West-end, Hampstead; and, after receiving many tributary streamlets, it ran due south across Oxford-street, near Stratford-place, by Lower Brook-street and Hay-hill, through Lansdowne Gardens, down Half-Moon-street, and through the hollow of Piccadilly into the Green Park. There it expanded into a large pond, from whence it ran past the present Buckingham Palace in three distinct branches into the Thames. Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park, filled up in 1770, was partly supplied by its waters. When Tyburn Church was rebuilt, it was dedicated to the Virgin, by the name of St. Mary-le-bourne, because it stood on the borders of the stream; and hence we get the present corrupted names of Marylebone, Marrowbone, and Marie-la-bonne.

Though the conduits were supplied freely by these country brooks, the public had not free access to all the conduits. One citizen, a wax-chandler in Fleet-street, who had secretly pierced a conduit within the ground in 1479, and so conveyed the water into his cellar, was tried and convicted, and condemned to ride through the City with a conduit upon his head.

The rules and regulations concerning the conduits, with the prices of water, are preserved for us in some old Ludgate parochial documents, quoted by Malcolm: "January, 1585, it was agreed in vestry that there shall be three water-bearers and no more, and they all to be men, and not any of their wives nor servants; and they shall deliver seven tankards of water, winter and summer (so that the tankards be six gallons apiece), for twopence [our water now costs about a farthing for the same quantity]; and that they shall carry no water to any person dwelling out of the parish; and also that if any of them set out any tub or tubs (as heretofore they have done) to the annoyance of the street, every such person shall be disabled and debarred to carry any water from the conduit." . . . "Also, it is ordered and agreed by a vestry holden the 12th day of January, in the thirtieth year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth, that no manner of servant, nor no water-bearer, shall

\* See "Underground London," All the Year Round, vol. v. page 114.

be at the conduit in the service-time, nor leave there no tankard nor pail; for, if they do so offend, the churchwardens shall take the said tankard or pails, and keep them, until such time that the said offenders do come and put into the poor-man's chest fourpence, and then the said party to have his tankard again." Some citizens, shut out from the conduits, supplied themselves from the Thames, and even stopped up the lanes leading to the river, suffering none to pass without paying toll. These encroachments were at last checked by complaints to the mayor and aldermen.

The task of inspecting the conduits, confided to the lord mayor and corporation, was, of course, converted into an annual festival—a procession of civic officers, with the ladies following in waggons. "These conduits," says Stow, "used to be in former times yearly visited; but particularly on the 18th of September, 1562, the Lord Mayor Harper, aldermen, and many worshipful persons, and divers masters and wardens of the twelve companies, rid to the conduits' head, for to see them after the old custom. And afore dinner they hunted the hare and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit. There was good number entertained with good cheer by the chamberlain; and after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's. Great hallowing at his death, and blowing of horns: and thence the lord mayor, with all his company, rode through London to his place in Lombard-street."

The principal places, or conduit heads, from which the water flowed to the conduits, were Conduit Head, which now forms the site of Conduit-street, New Bond-street, and several of the adjoining streets, Tyburn, Paddington, White Conduit-fields, Highbury Barn, and Hackney. The spring in White Conduit-fields was destroyed by the Regent's Canal Tunnel (described in Household Words), which passes under the river at Islington and Pentonville. The place where the hunting party dined, on the occasion of visiting the conduits, was the Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, then situated on a part of the site at present occupied by Stratford-place, Oxford-street, where a bridge crossed the Tyburn rivulet as it ran through to Tothill-fields. Nine conduits were erected near this bridge in 1238 for supplying the City with water.

These, and many other conduits, failed to satisfy the power of suction existing in the spreading City, and an act of parliament was obtained by the corporation in 1544, empowering them to bring more water from Hampstead Heath, Marylebone, Hackney, and Muswell-hill. Fifty years elapsed before the objects of this act were fairly realised; but still this was the foundation of the earliest known water company in London. The works and privileges were regularly transferred to a company called the Hampstead Water Company in 1692.

The art of supplying water to towns was in a very rude state until the appearance of Peter Morice, a Dutchman, in 1582, who laid the

foundations of the Old London-bridge Water Works. He threw water over St. Magnus's steeple, much to the astonishment of the corporation and citizens, who assembled in great crowds to observe the novel experiment; and he was the first man who largely supplied the City with Thames water forced "into men's houses" through leaden pipes. "All the contrivances of the Romans," says Mr. Matthews, "as well as those previously adopted for supplying London, had evidently been formed upon the simple and well-known principle, that water will flow by its natural gravity along any channel that has the slightest inclination downwards. The purpose of Morice's machinery, however, was to impel the water in an ascending direction, and thus supply places much higher than its usual level. . . . Although no particular description is given of the means he employed to effect this object, it will be obvious that the use of the forcing-pump accomplished it. This pump was applied to fire-engines in 1663."

Before and after Peter Morice there were many ingenious inventors and daring projectors, but none who succeeded in making their mark upon London like Master Hugh Myddelton.

## RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

### THE GREAT NATIONAL RAILWAY LINE.

On a good Russian map of Russia, between Petersburg and Moscow, there is a red line drawn. That is the line of the Great National Railway. It is almost straight; it has no curves, no tunnels, in its whole distance of six hundred and twenty versts. It was, when made, a great deal longer than that; the government was charged seven hundred and twenty versts; and the line shrank to its present length after the contractors and officials interested were all paid. Thus the length of this line has always been in the Russian archives matter of doubt. Several persons, however, got their free passage to Siberia for counting the versts as seven hundred and twenty. There are also verst posts now put up, and the number of these is a hundred less.

The Emperor Nicholas was not pleased with the plans first drawn for this line. There were too many twists and curves made, to accommodate towns lying about the route, to facilitate the traffic of the country between the two capitals. This was not his aim; he had his own use for a railway. It was a way to convey soldiers swiftly and directly to and from Moscow. The straighter the line, the better for this purpose; so he took his pencil, drew it straight across the map from point to point between the two cities, and said, "Make the railway there." His line, of course, was adopted, and thus Nicholas was the off-hand engineer of a great railway, distinguished from all others by the fact that it does not pass through, or very near, any town but one in its whole course. The immense tract of country lying on both sides between Moscow and Petersburg has been, therefore, very little the better for railway communication: more particu-



larly as not one branch line has been formed in connexion with the main line.

When the line was finished, it was found that there would not be full work for it as a military road, so there was granted, as a great favour to the inhabitants of the two extreme cities, liberty to travel up and down it. After this they built magnificent refreshment stations and engine depôts at convenient distances, and now this is one of the finest, safest, best arranged, and most comfortable travelling line in the world. The speed of travelling is limited to twenty miles an hour. The shortest stoppage is for ten minutes, allowing plenty of time to drink a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette; but at each of the principal stations the train stops for half an hour. Hot well-cooked dinners, breakfasts, and suppers, served by clean well-dressed waiters, are always ready. There is plenty of time to eat, and the price is not very high. Again, in travelling, a first or second class passenger can walk from one end of the train to the other. The carriages are excellent, and built on the American plan: with a passage up the centre, seats at right angles to the passage, doors in the ends of the cars, and no division anywhere. The guard has an assistant at the door of every carriage. The Russian third-class carriages are superior to the English second; and the second-class are quite equal to our first. Smoking is universal at all the railway stations: even the ladies accept offers of cigars. The fares are, between Moscow and Petersburg (four hundred and eleven miles), third class, ten roubles (thirty shillings); second, thirteen roubles (thirty-nine shillings); first, seventeen roubles (fifty-one shillings). As a night has always to be passed in the carriages, each passenger brings two pillows: the first-class pillows are encased in silk, the second in calico, the third in anything. These pillows add cushions to the seats and support the back by day, and form by night excellent extemporised beds. The Russians make a journey to and from Moscow an affair of pleasure, sleep and eat alternately, gormandising at all stations where refreshments can be had; not crowding them, that is impossible, the rooms being so large as to accommodate from six hundred to eight hundred persons at once. The passengers do strict justice to the good things on the tables, find fault freely, and order what they require as if they were at home in a good hotel. After the gutta percha pork pies, mahogany cakes, and sawdust sandwiches, bolted standing in the English refreshment-rooms, it is pleasant to sit down comfortably when one is tired and hungry—napkin on knee—to a half-hour's quiet discussion of a well-cooked meal. Beef, lamb, mutton, vegetables, fowl, game, potatoes, fish, cutlets, cheese, and dessert, are served by civil waiters, in black clothes and white cravats, at the small charge of one rouble (three shillings) each. One can also dine very well for half this sum at the side-table.

A place called Bullagonie is the centre station. There, the up and down trains meet on opposite lines, and pour out their motley freights into the

grand dining saloon, to the number of four hundred from each train. Officers of all grades emerge in dashing uniforms; fine ladies in silks and brocades; lacqueys and attendants on the same in parti-coloured liveries; fat greasy long-bearded Russian merchants, their wives and daughters sparkling with rings and pins, chains, bracelets, and all manner of jewellery; German stewards, Turks and Greeks, Tartars, Circassians, Armenians, Jews, French, German, and English travellers for pleasure or for business; English and American engineers and mechanics; Russians, of divers provinces, with beards and without, in long caftans, long boots, long hair, with long faces and short purses; Russian women without hats or bonnets, their heads bound in handkerchiefs; and a host of nondescript creatures which appear to belong to nothing known on earth or under the earth. They dine in twenty minutes; and then fall to smoking, and to drinking beer, tea, spirits, wine—champagne among the rest—until the second bell sounds. There are three bells, with an interval of five minutes between each ringing; the Russians cross themselves at the second bell, take the last puff, throw the rest of the cigar away, and then leisurely saunter, each to his carriage. The last bell having sounded, gently and slowly the trains take their departure. One to Moscow and the other to Petersburg. There is no hurry, no crushing, squeezing, running, or losing seats. Yet sometimes a stranger will get out at the wrong side, get into the wrong train, and be fairly on the way back to his starting-point before he finds out his mistake.

A rather curious case of this kind happened on one of my journeys to Moscow. An old lavishnick, or shopkeeper of the peasant class, was my vis-à-vis in a second-class carriage. He might be sixty years of age, and, with his long white beard and hair, broad face and forehead, large hooked nose, calm and wondering eyes, loose caftan, broad belt, and long wide boots, he looked quite Abrahamic. Evidently he had never been on rails before. When we started from Petersburg he reverently crossed himself three times, and then gave himself up to whatever might come, with patient faith. As we proceeded, he became astonished at the awful speed of twenty miles an hour, and I had to undergo a deal of cross questioning: "Was I Nemitz?" "No." "An Americansky?" "No." "Then you are an Anglichan?" "Yes." "Have you iron roads in England?" "Yes—many."

"How many?"

"One, almost, to every town and village."

A long pause ensued after this answer: it took time to get it down.

"And do they go as fast as we are going now?"

"Some three times faster."

"Oh, sir, you are joking with an old man!"

Of course he did not believe me. When we got to Bullagonie, he got out like the rest, and in the dining saloon I saw him meet a friend who belonged to the Moscow train; they kissed

and shook hands over and over again, and then sat down to eat and talk and drink, all of which they did with a relish. When the second bell rang, they got up with the rest, and, in earnest conversation, took their way to our train, got in, and sat down side by side. I found my new friend even more primitive than the other. As the train started, the crossing was resumed, and then I had to undergo another fire of questions. Endeavouring to amuse these patriarchs as well as I could, the time passed until we were approaching a station two hours from Bullagonic.

"How different," said one, "is this from the old road to Moscow! It took seven days and about a hundred horses. Now, we do it with-out horses in twenty hours."

"Yes," said the other, "and see how fast it goes with such a heavy load. I cannot understand how the steam drags it along. This gentleman says that in England the steam is stronger, and they go sixty versts an hour; but it is a romance."

"It is wonderful, but"—and a bright idea seemed to come into the speaker's head—"the most wonderful thing to me, is, that here I am going to Petersburg and you to Moscow, and yet here we are in one carriage. Railways are wonderful things. I cannot understand it."

There was general laughter, and the simple old man, who had spoken in good time, was put out at the station, there to wait the next day's train. Many tales of this kind are told of the bewildered notions of the peasantry concerning railways.

The country through which this railway runs is a weary waste of bog and stunted wood. The eye and the mind sicken at the eternal sameness of the dreary prospect, as hour after hour passes and there is no change for the better. A dozen or two apparently of mud heaps, in reality of wooden huts, in the centre of a barren plain, stand for a village. A stranger might pass many such without knowing them to be human habitations. Beavers are better housed. If we look narrowly, we may perceive that the ground for some distance around these places has been scratched over, and that the vegetation is of rye and beet, struggling out of the hungry earth. The want of fences, trees, parks, animal or human life, makes it difficult to believe that such growths represent cultivation. The principal stations are tastefully surrounded with gardens and trees, and have in their neighbourhood excellent dwelling-houses for the superintendents and workmen engaged in the engine depôt; but the moment we pass these oases, the desert begins again.

The Tver station is the most important on the line; for, here is the navigable commencement of that long river, the Volga, from which comes much wealth of grain, flax, hemp, timber, and all kinds of raw produce, not forgetting the sturgeon, and, to a Russian, its delicious "eckra," or caviare. At Tver, also, the traveller by rail may see, as he passes, two or three immense cotton-mills, suggestive of protective

duties, with dear calicoes and prints, rich machine makers and agents, sallow cheeks of peasant boys and girls, condemned to night work, and day slavery. The Great National Railway Line has never paid the government a single copeck. It has, however, made large fortunes for several American contractors, who, for a fixed sum per verst, furnish engines and carriages, and keep the line in repair. Their contract is now about to terminate, but it has been of so extraordinary a character as to make it one of the curiosities of Russia. Nicholas himself always recommended strangers to see the American railway contract, as one of his greatest curiosities. It must be said, however, that if the American contractors were cute enough to make an amazing bargain, they have kept the line in splendid order, and up to this moment it is not too much to say that there are not better carriages, finer engines, and a better plant in the world, than are to be found on the Petersburg and Moscow Railway.

#### AMONG THE HORSE-KEEPERS AT MOSCOW.

But my travel now extends more than five hundred English miles beyond the railway, and at Moscow I must give myself up to the tender mercies of yeamshicks, tarantasses, hack-horses, indescribable and unknown roads, filthy inns, and abominable station-houses. In an evil hour I had made a business engagement in the south of Russia, which would require more than twelve months' residence on the spot; and as the climate and country were said to be fine, and a first-class residence, with other good things, were promised, I took my whole family with me, determined to make a pleasure trip of it, if possible. So, I had with me a wife, and half a dozen young children, also a handy man, who had just arrived from England seeking work, and who went to assist in the practical part of the business I had undertaken. This man turned out an invaluable friend for a rough journey, and an excellent comrade in all outdoor sports. He had broad shoulders, and the most powerful arms I ever saw. The only difficulty I had with him was to keep him from using his arms like sledge-hammers on Russians of every degree for real or imaginary outrages on our dignity as true-born Englishmen. And as he did not understand one word of Russ, he was constantly the prey of false imaginations.

A journey of eight hundred versts in Russia is an undertaking of some risk for able-bodied men; but if females and children are added, there is need of more than ordinary care in deciding on the best method of taking it. So, in an English lodging-house, on the second day of my arrival in Moscow, I held after-dinner consultation with four or five experienced Englishmen, who had accomplished similar journeys. Each was loud on behalf of the particular plan he had himself adopted. One was clearly in favour of the government diligence as far as it went. But as this involved constant travelling without stopping for five nights and days, at a cost of twenty-five roubles each, on the chassée;

and, after that, two hundred versts across the country, without stopping for rest; the children might probably fall sick, the women be knocked up, and we might be left in some outlandish desert to recover health or strength. I was against that method of travel.

"Bargain, then, with a yeamshick to take you right through, all the way, with one set of horses. You can stop when you like."

"Ay," said another, "and you'll have to stop when you don't like, and as long as he may choose, to rest the horses. You'll be twenty days on the road."

"That," I said, "is not a promising method of travel."

"Then get a padaroshni, and take the free post. So, you can go forward or stop to recruit as you are inclined."

"Never do that," said another; "you will be detained at the stations hours and hours, waiting for horses, in spite of your padaroshni. It will take you as long to get to your journey's end as if you travelled with one set, and it will cost three times the money. I stick by the government diligence."

"Come," I said, to my helping hand, "let us go and see what bargain we can make with the yeamshicks. I would rather make the journey leisurely; twenty days is certainly too much, but let us hear what they say."

Off we went to the quarter where the posting establishments of these people are situated. There was no difficulty in finding it, but as I crossed the bridge and went down into the low quarter sacred to yeamshicks and their teams, I felt inclined to cross myself, like a good Russian. It was getting dark; the streets, houses, and people had a villanous, black, hang-dog look. I could almost have turned back, but it was too late. We looked like customers, and, before we could turn round, were surrounded by some twenty or thirty rival yeamshicks, who rushed out upon us from yawning twisted wooden gateways and small tumble-down houses.

"I want two troikas to go as far as Karkoff. Where are your horses and conveyances?"

"Here—this way, baron."

And I was good-naturedly, but with firm decision, dragged through a dismal archway into a dirty court-yard, surrounded by sheds propped at all sorts of angles upon wooden posts. In these sheds were horses by the score, cattle that currycomb had never scratched, nor wisp of straw defiled. By this time, fifty drivers had assembled, and as nothing pleases a Russian so well as a good stiff bargain, I began my offers at the lowest figure.

"For two tarantasses, six horses, and straw for each to Karkoff, in ten days; if more time is taken a reduction of ten roubles per day—forty roubles."

"Baron! my lord! your excellency! Say one hundred roubles and fifteen days."

"No; forty."

"Go, then."

"No; forty-five."

"Eighty. Horses like deers and excellent carriages for eighty!"

This went on until I got to sixty roubles, then to seventy.

"Now, hear my last word. I'll give seventy if—" Here the contending parties having, as they imagined, brought me to the point, began to pull me hither and thither, each that he might secure me to himself. I was first pulled to this side, then lifted to the other, and my hat fell off in the confusion. My handy man with the strong arms had been jostled to the outside of the circle, not understanding a word of our discourse; but when he saw, as he thought, violent hands laid on me, he sprang among the fifty drivers, and a right and left hand blow from his sledge hammers sent down two who had hold of me, to bite the dust. Before I could stop him, down went another two: "There, you muck varmint, I'll handle you! I'll larn you to lay hands on a freeborn Englishman!" His eye lighting on the spoke of an old broken cart-wheel, in another moment he was flourishing it high in the air and chasing the poor astonished fellows round the yard. "Now," he said, panting as he came up to me, "let's bolt, gov'nur; t'road's clear."

I thought it high time to escape, and we both made a rush to the street, but just in time to fall into the hands of four police. My handy man dropped his cudgel in presence of the cutlasses, and amid the yells and shouts of a great crowd, which, however, did not follow us, we were marched through the streets to the police-office.

#### IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

One of our captors questioned me on the way; but I prudently replied in their official language, by simply putting a rouble into the hands of each soldier. That explained everything. When we got into the presence of the district magistrate, an officer in blue clothes and brass buttons (a chinovnik), I made no reply to any of his questions, but only shook my head, while several of the yeamshicks making their appearance with bruised heads and faces, told their tale: how that they were quietly bargaining with me, and had nearly concluded, when that mad Englishman rushed amongst them with a great iron bar and inflicted all the wounds his excellency saw.

"Where is the iron bar? Soldiers, why did you not bring the iron bar with you?"

"There was no iron bar, your honour, and we saw no fighting. These two Englishmen who can speak no Russian (that is value for one rouble) were quietly leaving the yard (good for another). We would not have brought them here, but these pigs of yeamshicks were like to devour them (well worth a third), so we took charge of them for safety." (Value received: four roubles.)

"Here, Vasilia, tell the interpreter to come from the Stone Cabinet;" and to my astonishment there entered one of the guests I had left at the dinner-table.

He looked at us a moment, as a perfect stranger would, and turning to the magistrate, said, "What is your pleasure?"

"Be pleased to ask them how this affair happened."

"I am astonished to find you here, but tell me what it means," said the interpreter.

I told him plainly and truly, and said that as I did not want to pass a night in the office, if ten roubles would be of any use—"Oh!" he said, "that is the very thing to settle the whole question; give them to me." After getting the roubles, he turned to the magistrate, and I heard him explaining the case exactly as I told it. The magistrate laughed heartily at my handy man's mistake. "But why pretend ignorance of the language here," he said to me.

"I was afraid my tongue might get us into trouble with imperfect Russ. But had I known you better I should have told all at once."

"Come here," he said to the yeamshicks. "Ye sons of dogs, here are four roubles from this gentleman to heal your faces, but take care you don't come hither again with such a lying tale about a mad Englishman and an iron bar. Begone, pigs!" They received the money and bowed themselves out, evidently well pleased with this morsel of justice.

On the way home, I asked the English interpreter what was done with the other six roubles?

"Hush!" he said; "I suppose they have neglected to give back the change."

"Shall I run back and ask for it?"

"I think you had better not. Let well alone."

But, my day's adventures with the police were not over. No sooner had I returned to my lodgings, than I found fresh trouble. My wife had laid down a diamond ring on the washstand in her room, when washing her hands, and had left it there. It was gone; so was a Russian girl, a servant of the house, who was the only person who had been in the room. Now, the ring being a favourite, and received on a momentous occasion, my wife was resolved to get it back, and she had taken instant measures for the purpose, just as she would have done in England: forgetting for the moment that she was in Russia, where no stolen property ever is got back. She had found somebody to show her the nearest police-office, had gone there, and had given information of her loss. Her statement had been taken down on a large document, which it had taken an hour to write; and this she had signed. After her return to the house, two police-officers who had come to make minute investigation of the premises, had asked and received food and vodka. They had also written out another long document, which both the landlord and my wife had to sign, and then they had gone away saying that she would have to appear to-morrow again, and be re-examined by the chief of the police. This was the state of things I found, on coming in. My wife was beginning to cool, and to perceive also that it was one thing to lose a diamond ring in Russia, and quite another thing to hope to get it back. I took my hat without a word, and made for the

police-office as fast as an "isvostchick" could take me, with the pleasant sense of another ten roubles gone. Making my way to the chief officer on duty, I said, "Pray excuse me, your honour. My wife has been here about a diamond ring?"

"Oh yes, that affair is all in hand; we have taken two depositions already, and to-morrow we shall take a third. After that, we shall want your testimony about the ring being in your wife's possession, and a description of it: where it was made, and its value. We shall then begin to look out for the girl."

"You are very kind. There is no doubt of your zeal in the affair, but I am come to say it is all a mistake on my wife's part. She has made a very unlucky mistake about this ring."

"How so, sir? After all the trouble she has put us to, she has not lost the ring? A fine story! But the case must go on."

"Yes, she is quite aware of, and sorry for, the great trouble you have had; and there are ten roubles as a recompense for that trouble, and there are two for the clerks. She will take it as a great favour if you will do no more in the matter. Just let it pass as the mistake of a woman. Now, will you be so kind as to stop all further proceedings in this matter?"

"Why—ah!—yes; you see it is against rule this. But as the papers have not gone before the chief, it can be done, I dare say. I am glad you have found the ring. You shall hear no more of it. Adieu!"

We had very nearly been in for six months' waiting in Moscow, and endless worry and expense, without the most remote chance of recovering the stolen trinket.

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### NEXT WEEK

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